

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 857.—3 November, 1860.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. A Winter Underground,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 259
2. The Present College of Cardinals,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 265
3. James Wilson,	<i>Spectator, and Press</i> , 269
4. Incurable Paupers,	<i>Spectator</i> , 272
5. The Deputation to Gen. MacMahon,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 274
6. Persecuted Literature—Burnt Books,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 276
7. Tyndale's Glaciers of the Alps,	<i>Examiner</i> , 280
8. Nelly Macadam,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 283
9. How to Write a King's Speech,	<i>M. Guizot</i> , 289
10. The Imperial Progress,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 291
11. Alp-Climbing and its Perils,	<i>Press</i> , 294
12. The French Treaty in France,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 296
13. Markham's Revenge,	<i>Once a Week</i> , 299
14. Italy and Europe,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 307
15. The Schonbrunn Banquet,	" " 308
16. Naples and Garibaldi,	" " 310
17. Garibaldi,	<i>Examiner</i> , 312
18. The European Crisis,	<i>Press</i> , 314
19. Remarkable Solar Spots,	<i>National Magazine</i> , 318
20. The Prince's Visit to Washington's Tomb,	<i>Independent</i> , 320

POETRY.—Italy, by William Cullen Bryant, 258. The Mouse's Petition, 258. The Alpine Cross, 317. Unsuccessful Angler, 317. Talkative Member, 317. America to England, 317.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Caudle Lecture to a Wide-Awake, 264. Manuscript of the Time of David, 268. New Books by Dr. Cumming, 268. Rev. Patrick Bronte, 271. New Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, 273. Walter Thornbury, 273. Miss Landor, 273. Hearing in Large Churches, 275. Figs in Portugal, 275. Mrs. Hemans' Son, 275. Birthplace and House of Hervey, 279. Great Day in the Grain Trade, 282. Carlyle in French, 282. Letter from Thomas Hood, 288. The McCarthy Cotton Gin, 290. Greek Sculpture: Classical Antiquities, 290. Death of Rembrandt Peale, 293. Liverpool Porcupine, 295. Dr. Stevens' History of Methodism, 306. Professor Harris, 306. History of the Riddle, 306. Japanese Books, 316. Author of Household of Bouverie, 316. Schrodter's Picture of Falstaff, 316. The Debuscope, 318. George P. Morris' Poems, 319.

☞ We have threatening letters from ladies, because of the delay of "Hopes and Fears." If they would sign their names we could give fuller explanation;—but can only say here, that we hope their "hearts" will not be too "sick" on account of the "delay," for they shall have it all. The temporary pause is in England.

NEW BOOKS.

HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, from the best and latest authorities. Designed for Popular Reading, and as a Text-book for Schools and Colleges. By Anne C. Lynch Botta. New York: Derby and Jackson.

HISTORY AND ANALYSIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, with a full account of the Confederation which preceded it; of the Debates and Acts of the Convention which formed it; of the Judicial Decisions which have construed it; with Papers and Tables illustrative of the Action of the Government and the People under it. By Nathaniel C. Towle, Counsellor at Law, Washington, D.C. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

ITALY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Voices from the mountains speak,
 Apennines to Alps reply ;
 Vale to vale and peak to peak
 Toss an old remembered cry ;

Italy
 Shall be free :
 Such the mighty shout that fills
 All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes
 Quiver at that quickening word ;
 Como with a thrill awakes ;
 Garda to her depths is stirred ;
 Mid the steeps
 Where he sleeps,
 Dreaming of the elder years,
 Startled Thrasyneus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,
 Murmur freedom to their meads,
 Tiber swift and Liris slow
 Send strange whispers from their reeds.
 Italy
 Shall be free,
 Sing the glittering brooks that slide
 Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain ;
 Brutus perished long ago ;
 Yet the living roots remain
 Whence the shoots of greatness grow.
 Yet again,
 God-like men,
 Sprung from that heroic stem,
 Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,
 They who chase the mountain boar,
 Or, where cliff and billow meet,
 Prune the vine or pull the oar,
 With a stroke
 Break their yoke ;
 Slaves but yestereve were they—
 Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,
 While his own with gladness flash,
 "Ne'er shall these," the father cries,
 "Cringe, like hounds, beneath the lash.
 These shall ne'er
 Brook to wear
 Chains that, thick with sordid rust,
 Weigh the spirit to the dust."

Monarchs, ye whose armies stand
 Harnessed for the battle-field !
 Pause, and from the lifted hand
 Drop the bolts of war ye wield.
 Stand aloof
 While the proof
 Of the people's might is given ;
 Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed
 Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,
 As the fresh winds of the west
 Blow the misty valleys clear.
 Stand and see
 Italy
 Cast the gyves she wears no more
 To the gulfs that steep her shore.
 —New York Ledger.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN A TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CON-
 FINED ALL NIGHT.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Oh ! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs ;
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the wretch's cries ;

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
 Within the wiry grate ;
 And tremble at the approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed.
 And spurned a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong, oppressive force
 A free-born mouse detain.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
 My frugal meals supply ;
 But if thy unrelenting heart
 That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
 Are blessings widely given ;
 Let nature's commoners enjoy
 The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives,
 Casts round the world an equal eye,
 And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
 A never-dying flame,
 Still shifts through matter's various forms,
 In every form the same ;

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
 A brother's soul you find ;
 And tremble lest thy luckless hand
 Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
 Be all of life we share,
 Let pity plead within thy breast,
 That little all to spare.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men like mice may share,
 May some kind angel clear thy path,
 And break the hidden snare.

From Chambers's Journal.

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

THE short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Kublitz was at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth, so far remote from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good-humor, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday-life, had indescribable charms for me. Kublitz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silvery river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far-stretching moorlands, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the south might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast, purple moors, a line of blue peaks that faintly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Kohl Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I thus gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilization. To the north, a line of low hills broke the distant sky-line—the last range, I was told, between fair Kublitz and the grim icy bergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There, among those hills, the northern bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the unhunted wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine-branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain-range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named, in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills. But let me try to describe Kublitz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the short-lived smile of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

All that rocky glen where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those shrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in fairyland. Fruit and flow-

ers! everywhere fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed literally crimson with the wild strawberries—those wondrous strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the hoofs of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveller, yet are so delicate and matchless in flavor, that the czar himself sends for them, by *estafettes*, all the long, long way to his summer palace of Tsarzkoy-Chèlè. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crags, the meadows, the thickets, glow and blossom with a thousand many-hued flowers; the meres and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits, and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens, have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry. One never knows what a summer really is, never knows with what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland. And the people? Well, all I can say is, I liked them, and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folks that had not a pleasant smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of "smolke" and dried fish from the sea-coast, and, luxury unparalleled, perhaps even a great black loaf, brought all the way from Norway (for Lapland has no bread), to do honor to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians: they were called savages, idolaters, enchanters, even cannibals: but I can only say that they not only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleecing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers. The village of Kublitz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine-timber. In fact, the huts were not cot-

tages—they were leafy booths such as the roving Tatar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual picnic. But the true houses were under the earth, not above its surface. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with only a low chimney, like a magnified mole-hill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the caverned storehouses for all their worldly wealth, and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year. And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway "before it got dark." A strange idea seized me—what if I were to stop behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long three-months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me blink like an owl at the unwearying sun that *would* shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had been, how new, fresh, and piquant! and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-wearyed man, who has passed his grand climacteric, can discover a sensation that shall be at once new, fresh, and piquant. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister, in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but "Pshaw!" thought I, "I can go next summer. Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I dare say, about the non-appearance of an uncle, they never set their juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I'll stay all night."

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October, and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me—I did not know what it was like, he said; but I told

him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders; Madame Wow, or, more correctly speaking, Huswife Wow (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependants and servants), lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters tittered, and all the sons stared, at this remarkable decision on my part. But, as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecedentedly liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak, and sing on occasion, in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lapponic tongue, and played the fiddle and flute, besides being the owner of a musical-box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly, we moved into our winter-quarters.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks, of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, as became the owner of five hundred reindeer. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box-beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay-walls like a row of sleeping-berths on board a packet-ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especially austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by means of the hollow trunk of an alder-tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three-ply velvet that ever loom wove; the bed was a pile of dressed deer-skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider-duck and the wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of yielding eider-down; and, crowning magnificence! there was an

old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow pointed proudly, as to a proof of intercourse with the civilised world of modern Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hung about it still.

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters, when one fine evening, I was summoned to join a solemn procession which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighboring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day "good-by!" It was a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers, of every age, from the wrinkled grandsire who tottered on his staff, and with a palsy-shaken hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched that fast-declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarcely hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders, the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deerherds: old and young were gazing with a common purpose and a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories, rushed in upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The wild and mystic verses of Tegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of the northern sun, recurred to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been very rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland, like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in Cimmerian darkness. Plunge! the red sun had flashed down below the horizon. A heavy twilight settled, as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright, in her rainbow robe, studded

with flowers, was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realms. Hark! the long wailing cadences of the sweet sad chant—an old, old heathen chant, of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Venus and Summer of this far remote race—in which the Laplanders bewail the parting day! Now for the long, long night! Already, as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away too—already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak round me at the sudden sensation of cold. "It is the snow-wind," said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; "no more flowers for the lasses to braid in their hair this year."

I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the Laps. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should seal up mere and river, and start, like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far-away moorlands, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strange and grotesque, and their pigmy figures impish, in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream—that it was real, waking life—that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year—and that I was going to try and while away a winter-night that would have given time to Scherazadé herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories—all this bewildered me. But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in caves. Peter Wow, as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Kublitz in his hospitable halls underground. Torches blazed and sputtered; lamps, fed by seal-oil and deer's fat, were lighted, and hung to every bracket and projection through all the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour, the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests. All Kublitz was there, young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats

for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, and strong liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden by the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the rooms by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were presently to figure in the ancient sword-dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild pathos, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fawnlike elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of those lithe, small-limbed *eläins* of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure me a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt, like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Lilliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvelous sight that assembly of small folks under the level of the earth, and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the *Daione Sheah* of the Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troop of carousing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been borne away to Fairyland, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and with his high red cap set jauntily on his gray locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the king of the Drows or Gnomes, as

Norse superstitions describe him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witchlike ugliness of the old women, to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion, but age, it seems, comes on with terribly swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to weird age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong, in spite of their pigmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed, more than once, to raise troops among the Laplanders; but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow-shoes, and form a militia on the border; and there the sensitive little heroes are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty-inch standard. The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians, and Southerners generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norsemen always say, "He who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain;" for the small folks have wonderful acuteness with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secret hearts the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an ace of being level with my shoulder; and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet of perpendicular elevation, which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning, I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copse, the illimitable moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song-birds, the uncultured fruits that offered their profusion everywhere,

blooming heather, and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless, unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not as dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy shimmering light prevailed, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed, the blinding snow-flakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant.

"They are plucking the wild goose's feathers finely up there, north," said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woollen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a strange season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or neither. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, the bone-flute and the musk-ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular times for meals, or sleep, or work, or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labors as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking, to say nothing of eating, drinking, and gossiping, went on in a promiscuous fashion through the twenty-four hours of what would, down south, have been a legal day. If any one felt tired or sleepy, he or she went to sleep; the hungry ate, the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; birchen bowls were carved, horn-trinkets chiseled, and stories related to gaping listeners, all at once, and all forever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically. I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing. I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of amiable nightmare. Of course, I saw no newspapers: the world might wag as it pleased. It was in the daylight—I in the dark. Of course, I received no letters: the post courier was shut out, along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp-lit, moon-shiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather, the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses,

from which they scratched away the snow with their fore-feet. There were hunting parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter livery of white. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a grand battle with an old giant of a bear, who presumed on the superstitious respect the Laps have for "Old Grandfather Wizard," as they call him, and robbed the storehouses, until his thefts became unbearable. The wolf-hunts were rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, cowed the dogs with his ursine hugs, and nearly beat the whole community, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then there were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow in a deer-drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jangling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his antlered team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moorlands! The worst of it is, it takes away your breath uncommonly; and when I waxed confident, and *would* drive personally, I was run away with, of course, upset with an awful purl into a drift five fathom deep, and dug out ignominiously, amid much laughter of the little folks, who greatly crowded over clumsy Gulliver. Still, the drives were famous fun. I was frost-bitten twice, and revived by a snow-rubbing; but, worse, I was struck with snow-blindness, for I had to pass a fortnight in my cabin in absolute darkness, and was not the happier for the reflection that my own obstinacy in refusing to wear snow spectacles had brought this agreeable seclusion upon me. But the kind little folks bustled about me, and told me the most wonderful stories of gnomes, witches, genii, and so forth, all with perfect childish belief and gravity, and sang and played to me, and lightened my loneliness considerably. When I recovered, I was thankful for the spectacles, and never suffered from the glare any more.

So the winter wore on. The Laps were always kind, gentle, and gay, in their strange semi-pagan way, though I trembled least I should really be ill, beyond cure of their simple remedies, and abandoned to the wizard, a sort of medicine man among them, who beats his magic drum, and mutters

spells over the sick, as among the American Indians. Not that the Laps are idolaters now, although in 1700, Bishop Gunner found a few heathen still among them who worshipped a black stone. On the contrary, we had a pastor of the Swedish Church at Kuhlitz. But he was a native Lap, a meek little man, who had half forgotten his small stock of learning acquired at Upsala; and I am sure he put perfect faith in the wizard, as the latter moved about, haughty and mysterious, in his blue magic dress, and was not the sort of priest to eradicate the superstitions which he avowedly shared. Besides the wizard, we possessed two witches, impish crones, in pointed caps of white fox-skin, who derived fees and much reverence from the fears of the community. Yet my hosts looked on themselves as civilized folks, compared with their more northern neighbors. "All bad tribes up north," Peter Wow would say in his broken Swedish; "shoot you if you go there, for fear you come for harm! Cannibals up there! and you know the Lapland muskets never miss!" Indeed, they very seldom *do* miss, at a moderate range.

But the merry dancers! I was going to omit the most strangely splendid sight that ever astonished my eyes, and to which a whole Royal Academy of artists could never do justice. The northern lights, the customary auroras and meteors, were unusually splendid about midwinter; but once, as I was returning from a sledge excursion, an exclamation from my guide made me start. I shall never forget the scene. The heavens were one vast pavilion of many-colored light; blue, orange, fiery red, deep violet, now paved with fiery gold, now spangled with lustrous gems, all blended in one glowing mass; while beneath, and touching the snowy plain, wheeled and sparkled, as in fantastic dance, a hundred columns of prismatic fire, that seemed the creation of some wild dream. These were the merry dancers, the wondrous lights of the north. Ah! it was a pleasant winter; and I protest that I was half sorry when we all went up the hill again, and hailed the rising sun, and day and summer came pouring in at once; and the boat was prepared, and I bade my gnome hosts adieu, and went off to the daylight, open air, Gloucestershire world again.

CAUDLE LECTURE TO A WIDE-AWAKE.—There is some fun in the following from the Buffalo Republican, which readers of all parties can appreciate and laugh at:—

[SCENE.—In bed, face to the wall—strong smell of coal oil. Time, 3 in the morning.]

"A pretty time indeed for you to come home, sir! Where have you been all night? You smell as if you had been in search of Symmes' Hole through a tar barrel. Talk of sulphuretted hydrogen, or superannuated eggs! They ain't anywhere. Say, where have you been? I've been lying awake for the last five hours, waiting for you to come. Now I want to know where you have been all this time? Wish I wouldn't bother you; tell me in the morning. I want to know now; it's near enough morning to know where one's husband has been all night, and particularly if he comes home perfumed clear through as you are. You mustn't good wife me. That won't answer. Suppose you were a woman, and your husband should go off every night in the week, and come home as you do, and—I wish you'd get up and let some fresh air into the room, or I shall certainly suffocate—what would you say? Don't you imagine there would be a row in the family? Been with the Wide-Awakes? I should think as much. You're a wide awake fool, that's what you are. Why did I marry you? That's a pretty question. Didn't

you swear that you'd shoot yourself if I didn't take pity on you? I'm sorry I didn't allow you to shoot, or hang, or drown yourself. It would have been the best thing I ever did in my life. What is it smells so? Nothing! Don't tell me nothing; it never smelled so in the world. Had to carry a torch. That's sweet business for a man who pretends to be the father of a family. Next thing I shall expect to hear of you is that you have been splitting rails for general circulation. I don't know any thing about politics? Don't, eh? I don't want to know any thing about politics, if I have to neglect my family and carry stinking torches for the benefit of a lazy man in Illinois, who is trying to be President. Want to sleep? I thought you were a Wide-Awake. I suppose you've kept awake to-night on whiskey, haven't you? Where have you been all this time? The town clock has just struck three. Been to Tonawanda to raise a liberty pole? That's a sweet note. Why didn't the Wide-Awakes of Tonawanda raise their own pole? I expect Republicans are scarce in that section, and you've been trying to make a great splurge. Well, you can't fool anybody. I believe I know something about politics myself, and I know that you are drunk. That's what you are. Must go to sleep, must you? Why didn't you think of that before? I've had no sleep to-night, and you never once thought of me."

From The Saturday Review.

THE PRESENT COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

Who on earth will be the next pope? is a question which most Italian members of the Sacred College address to themselves several times a day with an unmistakable feverishness of accent. The mass of Romans have long gained the conviction that every pope must prove the same impracticably bad sovereign that they have had the singular privilege of enjoying for centuries in unbroken succession. The present generation, at all events, is thoroughly safe against any possible relapse into the hallucinations that made it, in 1846, enthusiastically hail the crude initiative taken by Pius IX. The pope's death would have no other popular effect than as a signal for immediate insurrection in the provinces, with the view of demolishing pontifical authority during the interregnum, and thus impressing the iron logic of facts upon the immured cardinals. No such interest, therefore, attaches itself in the minds of the Romans to the next Conclave as would attach to it if they considered it likely to give them a sovereign.

It is different with their scarlet-hosed eminences. Conclave-day, to them, is their day of Tombola. The purple is to every recipient a lottery ticket, only to be raffled for upon that gala occasion, of quite uncertain term. Naturally, a gambler's uneasiness alights upon the holders, lest they should not be favored even with the opportunity of attending a drawing. The cherished occupation, therefore, of a large portion of the Sacred College is feverishly to reckon problems of longevity which might afford instruction to insurance-office actuaries; for every Italian-born cardinal considers himself an heir-apparent, and the possibilities of attaining the reversionary interest in prospect are as acutely valued in select circles in Rome as premonitory symptoms of dissolution are avidly discounted by *post-obit* dealers. This is quite in the order of things. For what is the Sacred College but a preserve for rearing popes? and as you keep your fattening turkey poults with a view to a proper supply of Christmas roasts, so your cardinal is an institution meant to swell into a pope.

There are, however, good reasons why speculations should be rife at this critical moment as to who may be the next pope. Pius IX. is verging on seventy, and his

health is not good. Should the new pope prove a man of sufficient enlightenment to abandon the stolid obstinacy which has lost the Romagna without an equivalent, it is certain that he will easily secure ample means for the full preservation of his independence as spiritual primate. Though a new pope cannot, therefore, hope to retain what at this moment still belongs to Pius IX., he will find himself exactly in the position for a man of judgment to render incalculable services both to the Church and to Italy; for to arrive at a peaceful understanding about assigning a satisfactory position to the pope, has always been recognized as the cardinal problem involved in the re-organization of Italy.

A Sacred College is always a constituency so difficult to scrutinize that it might defy even the late Mr. Coppock's shrewd glance. Every elector, considering himself as a possible candidate, is afraid of giving vent to some imprudent assurance to his own detriment. Cardinals are all like that provoking class of venal voters who, with the confident expectation of ultimate gratifications, hold back in marked hesitation to the last moment. A Commission of Inquiry into Conclave proceedings would bring to light a web of intrigue equalling the corruption of St. Alban's or Sudbury, though singularly contrasting in its excessively fine ingenuity with the coarse devices of a Man in the Moon or a Frail. But the hushed atmosphere of complicity by common consent generally extends a hardly penetrable veil over the envious plottings and persuasive conferences which are the ordinary occurrences in conclaves. In addition to these general difficulties in the way of calculating a papal election, there occurs the special one that never was there a Sacred College so deficient as the present in men of note. Of the seventy seats which make up the college of cardinals, sixty-three are filled up—one of these, however, being as yet merely designated *in petto*, and therefore not actually in possession. Of these, no fewer than thirty-nine have been created by Pius IX., whose reign of fourteen years encroaches considerably on the average term of existence allotted to men generally so far advanced in life as cardinals. But this extent of patronage has not ensured a proportionate amount of young blood. On examining the ages of the present cardinals, we find that seventeen are between seventy and

ninety-one; that twenty-six have passed their sixtieth year; that seventeen, again, range between that term and fifty, and that only three are under that age—two of them verging upon it; while Cardinal Milesi alone is as young as forty-two. We must eliminate all cardinals of non-Italian birth (their present number is nineteen), for the inexorable logic of public opinion has made the Sacred College for centuries past raise only a native prelate to the throne. There can be no more conclusive evidence against the supposed benefit to the Church of a territorial principality, than the fact that a worldly regard for its possession deprives so many ecclesiastical dignitaries of the full enjoyment of the highest and most distinctive privileges. Imperative considerations will furthermore reduce the forty-four cardinals who, on grounds of nationality, might be qualified for election. No Conclave could now venture to shock public opinion by making one of the twelve lay cardinals pope, while a large proportion of the thirty-two that remain after their exclusion cannot be seriously entertained as candidates—some from excessive decrepitude, many for personal reasons. These exclusions, of course, extend merely to actual elevation to the chair of St. Peter; for, in all voting and caballing, every cardinal is on an equality.

Here the progress of speculation becomes somewhat embarrassed in the presence of the general blackness which pervades the physiognomy of the Sacred College. It curiously happens that the cardinals are all either survivors from former popedom, or creations since Pius IX. underwent the influence of Gaeta, with the sole exception of Marini and Antonelli. Now, although, except in the event of premature death, the next Conclave may be assumed to open under the meridian of Antonelli's ascendancy, there are abundant reasons why he should be exposed in it to strong hostility. It is not to be supposed that he will proceed out of it as pope. His double character of lay cardinal and secretary of state will disqualify him, apart from the fact that he would certainly encounter the veto at the disposal of France. Antonelli, therefore, must confine his efforts to securing the election of some creature of his own, with the view of confirming in a new reign his present influence, based upon the

principle of obstinate refusal to acquiesce in a modification of the traditional state of things. But he will find himself greatly put to it in Conclave for efficient and hearty supporters. It is a signal proof of Antonelli's narrow instincts that, content with excluding certain men whom he had particular reason to dread, he has forgotten to direct his influence to the creation of cardinals on whom he might rely. He has now got together a set of men whose harmlessness is ensured as long as they are awed by the presence of an ascendant influence, but who, from the very fact of their timid weakness, can never be reckoned upon for resisting rival influences, if once exposed to their action. On the contrary, ignorance, softness—and, with not a few, a stock of well-meaning simplicity—make the majority easy tools for subtle craft. Besides, absence of merit does not involve absence of vanity. As a body, the cardinals have deeply resented the slur put upon their order by Antonelli in its complete exclusion from the administration. On divers occasions the malcontents have vainly sought to gain the pope's ear. In the beginning of this year about a dozen cardinals broached a proposal to restore the Sacred College to the condition of an active council of state, in accordance with an ancient Bull of Eugenius IV. The loss of Romagna was to be acquiesced in, and the pope's sovereignty in the preserved provinces modified into a mere suzerainty, restricted to little more than the enjoyment of tribute—these concessions to be accompanied by Antonelli's dismissal. A principal instigator of the demonstration was Cardinal di Pietro, an excessively ambitious and restless prelate, who has acquired in foreign missions the dexterity indispensable for political success at Rome. In Consistories he has made himself so conspicuous by opposition to Antonelli, and by his advocacy of a thorough change of system, that his pronounced partisanship puts him for the papacy, under the same ban as Antonelli. The Sacred College is a timid constituency, easily scared, and invariably rejects men noted for political animosities. Di Pietro, therefore, knows that the only prize within the grasp of his ambition is that secretaryship of state now in the hands of his hated rival.

Between these two prelates there will consequently ensue, in Conclave, an intense

struggle as to who can make the pope; and the result of this personal contest will virtually involve the mighty question, whether or not the Church can surrender temporal possession without impugning its holiest principles. However little a naked proposition for the total abolition of papal temporalities would meet with the concurrence of the Sacred College, it is evident that the authors of the proposal we have mentioned must already be familiarized with the principle; and its favorable consideration cannot fail to be promoted by rapidly growing dangers to the holiest interests of the Church, which, proceeding solely from the existence of those temporalities, must carry conviction to candid minds. It would be a calumny to represent the Sacred College as a mere assembly of avid jobbers. It is deficient in men of commanding parts, but it counts many most conscientious Christians, imbued with true devotion to the Church, and sufficiently intelligent to distinguish between its true and its sham interests. Besides, even sordid passions cannot make the cardinals cling very desperately to the existence of papal states. Three legations and the secretaryship of state are the only political posts reserved to their order, whose other numerous preferences are institutions not to be affected by a surrender of present sovereignty. The cardinals are, in fact, like our field-marshal, quaint incrustations, the last deposit of an anomalous system, which, in its activity, is the property of a different class—in Rome that class being the Monsignori. By himself, Di Pietro, if he were to take a bold stand in avowed advocacy of the total renunciation of temporal power, might muster some half-dozen colleagues, and amongst them men of great distinction, like Amat-Barnabo-Roberti. But this would be a blunder not to be expected from his dexterity. He must concert action with the more colorless section of the college, good, pious men of temporizing disposition, nervously alive to danger, and admitting the necessity for reform, only personally shrinking from the responsibilities involved in bringing forward any definite plan. This cast of mind makes them open to persuasion; and amongst them, on the score of virtue and gentle liberalism, are to be found several good candidates for the papacy, as Riaro, Bofondi, etc., etc. This section is likely to congregate mostly around Cardinal Mar-

ini, as leader. But, next to becoming pope, it is the height of ambition in Conclave to figure as a capital shareholder in a pope. Therefore, the requisite majority being of two-thirds, intriguing cardinals devote their energies to becoming the centres of small factions, which, under this regulation, are capable of exercising influence. Marini will hardly, therefore, be able to conduct the whole floating mass of trimmers out of the reach of caballers like, for instance, Savelli—a sordid, rancorous, and unscrupulous Corsican, solely actuated by selfish passions. Long the pampered satellite of Antonelli, he has lately quarrelled with him. The necessity for an absolute majority acts in two ways—often bringing about compromises which at the outset seemed impossible, but likewise facilitating vexatious obstruction. This is the line Antonelli may be expected to take. He will act with the party of antiquated and vicious fanatics, headed by Della Genga; and Grassellini-Altieri, a shallow, but rather plausible prelate, will side with him in the main. As he, however, aspires himself to the secretaryship, he will try to spin a little private intrigue of his own. That a pope should proceed from the ranks of this party is highly improbable, but by united action it may impede the choice of any candidate enjoying the hearty support of Di Pietro and Marini. Should this obstruction be successfully persisted in, it will ultimately be necessary to take some more neutral cardinal—perhaps Corsi, archbishop of Pisa, or Patrizi, now vicar-general. These are sincere churchmen of unblemished character; but there is reason to fear that bigotry may restrain them from adopting a sufficiently liberal policy to let Di Pietro become secretary of state. This would be a great gratification to Antonelli, who would here find consolation for the disappointment of having failed in securing the choice of a pet pope of his own.

But even in this event the new pope will owe his elevation to a support from the liberal section, not to be obtained without distinct conditions. However he may claim some territorial possessions, or in pompous manifestoes reserve obsolete titles, with the present temper of the Sacred College, and the present aspect of events, the next pontiff can scarcely fail to make some declarations virtually renouncing temporal authority. The

necessity for this concession is felt more vividly by the cardinals since the power of Naples has crumbled away; and it makes the easier progress as it presents itself in the light of the inevitable consequence of the hated Antonelli's disastrous administration. At this moment, the Sacred College teems with elements for a palace revolution against the secretary of state, which, under favor of Garibaldi's advances, may possibly come to

a head even before a Conclave. The cardinals are gathering courage, under Garibaldi's protection, to express their opinions. It signifies little whether the spoils of office fall to the share of Di Pietro or another—the important fact is, that under the pressure of events, a spirit of acquiescence is springing up among the magnates of the papacy which is rapidly sapping the foundations of that monstrous anachronism, the pontifical states.

DISCOVERY OF A MANUSCRIPT OF THE TIME OF DAVID.—In the year 1858 a Theban mountaineer discovered in a hill called by the Arabs Shin-abd-el-Gourna, a tomb cut out of the rock, in which he found a mummy-case with a gold spread eagle and a golden asp; also a tablet of green stone, a box with four canopi of Oriental alabaster, and on the side of a magnificent mummy with a gilded mask and a large gilded scarabæus of porcelain on its breast, a most remarkable papyrus scroll, five feet long and ten inches wide, written in the finest hieratic and hieroglyphic characters. The four jars were sold to Lord Henry Scott, a young Englishman. The mask was purchased by a captain who purchased and sold antiquities at Thebes, and was transferred by him to the French consular agent at that place, and may be now either in his possession or in the museum at Paris. The papyrus, as also the scarabæus, the tablet and the eagle, came into the hands of George A. Stone, Esq., of Roxbury, Mass., then travelling in Egypt. Mr. Stone sent copies and photographs of the papyrus to several Egyptologists in New York, who attempted its translation, but failed, because they were only acquainted with Champollion's system. Finally, Mr. Stone sent a photographic copy to Professor G. Seyffarth, of St. Louis, Mo., having been informed that this gentleman had published, in the year 1833 and 1835, the key to the Egyptian literature and to the ancient astronomical inscriptions and monuments. This savant, the author of the "Summary of Recent Discoveries," etc., New York, 1857, and a large number of other works, has just published the translations and explanations, as requested of him, in the *Translations of the Academy of Science of St. Louis* for the year 1859 (pp. 527-569), with sixteen lithographic plates. The biography of Horsebe (the sword of Horus) is to be found in the first column of the papyrus, and we learn by it that he was the commanding general of Pharaoh Shishak I., who slew the last king of Manetho's XXIst dynasty, and suppressed by his captain the rebels in five different

provinces of Egypt. This Shishak I., the head of the XXIIId dynasty, lived, according to Manetho and the monuments, one hundred and twenty-four years previous to Shishak II., the conqueror of Jerusalem (1 Kings 11: 40-14: 25), in the fifth year of Rehoboam. (945 B.C.) Horsebe was consequently a contemporary of Saul and David, and the papyrus in question has been written about the year 1050 B.C., or three hundred years before the foundation of Rome, and is at present two thousand nine hundred years old. The residue of this precious manuscript contains a new religious book of the ancient Egyptians, and begins with the following sentences: "The Book of Hymns for singing the glories of Him who made Isis [the earth]; the glories of that invisible Being who made Osiris [the sun] (the originator of the life of his race; the originator of the life of his nation, and the originator of the circle of the solar year with its seasons; the builder of the sacrificial quadrupeds, being convenient for him in his house of light, and ordered by his father, the Lord Governor; the originator of the priests for his race in the firmament, and for Adon, the Lord); who made Meni [the moon] (the originator of the flax-seed, of her own sex, and of spinners and weavers for the races in both the regions of Egypt, and also for the makers of cloths for the people); who made the most holy one, the apotheosed mighty chief of the Crethi [the standing army], the warriors of the mighty Egyptians, those in the city of the Sun [Thebes], the capital of the sovereign of Egypt, of the shepherd of all born in Egypt and its vicinities, namely, the mighty Horsebe." After this introduction a grand hymn begins.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

MR. BENTLEY announces for the end of the month a new volume by Dr. Cumming, to be entitled "Redemption draweth Nigh." Dr. Cumming's two sermons recently preached at the Oratoire of Paris, on "The Future of Europe" and "The Future of England" will be appended to the volume.

From The Spectator.

JAMES WILSON.

JAMES WILSON, who has just departed from us, will gather round him a stronger and more widely extended sympathy than most men. The circumstances of his career identify him, in some way or other, with every class of the country. He is a type of the rising Englishman. "The Right Honorable James Wilson," finance minister of India, who was with his own proper hand working a grand economical and commercial revolution in that vast empire, had been not only a tradesman but, we believe, a journeyman. If we are not mistaken, gentlemen in deputation from the north of England, who were glad to obtain access to the official upon some public matter, had been received by the same man when he was standing behind the counter, and when they were welcomed as customers. His career, therefore, illustrates the boasted freedom of our country;—freedom, that is, not only from oppression by authority, but freedom to make full use of your faculties in rising even to the very highest offices of the state. Mr. Wilson had already become the head of a connection which was gradually making good its station in the official strata of society; and, cut short, as it were, in official youth, he had shown a capacity for attaining to honors far higher. Before he entered office, he had made his mark upon English journalism; being positively strengthened the character of that institution by developing the statistical branch. No sooner had he entered the official circle than his extraordinary command of figures made him a species of referee, and it was at length recognized, almost as a self-evident fact, that he had a *right* to be the secretary to the Treasury. If his appointment to that office astonished some persons who could handle financial topics more philosophically, still greater was their surprise at his Indian commission; and if the public at large was astonished to see him going out to India, how much more astonished were they to see him making himself master of the situation there; and yet how far more stupendous would have been his return and the honors certain to await him! It is probable that in watching the career of James Wilson, the public were assisting at the foundation of a noble house;

only the founder was called away before he could finish the work.

Wilson is a signal instance, amongst not a few which contradict the old dogma, that "every man knows his own business." It may be said that he failed in his own business, but that he afterwards attained a brilliant success in everybody else's business. He certainly was not master of the situation in the hatter's shop at Hawick; yet he did admirable service in assisting to manage the counting-house of the empire. The case is not altogether dissimilar to that of Arthur Young, who failed in his own proper trade as a farmer, but threw a brilliant light over the broad question of farming, and has certainly contributed to the gigantic improvement in some of the greatest empires—particularly in England, in Ireland, and in France. So Wilson failed in his own finance but figured in that of India and of England. Of course, any intimate acquaintance with his personal qualities in life would soon explain this apparent anomaly. In no position of private life are figures every thing; but set a man who is a genius in accounts, and has a natural capacity for adaptation, to administrative business over any great department of accounts, and he will perform his share of the work in the body corporate so to increase the power of the whole.

The statesman whom we have just lost, however, is a type of a much rarer class, in being a sort of grand journeyman acting upon other persons' ideas. In a contemporary journal, which is known to have received inspiration from his mind and actual assistance from his pen, he had, with great perseverance and ability argued against the working and principle of Peel's Act, and against the theory of finance to which that measure belonged. Yet, no sooner was he in his place as finance minister of India, ere he consented to act as the instrument under the chairman of the select committee which recommended Peel's Act to the House of Commons—Sir Charles Wood. That Mr. Wilson really gave up his own personal conviction, even at a late date, is proved by an early incident in his Indian administration. In his banking measure, as it was first announced, there was a remarkable point of obscurity. The amount of stock upon which a portion of the notes might be based was

not fixed, as it is in our English Act, but was left undetermined. This omission appeared to us to be quite in accordance with Mr. Wilson's own idea as to an elastic basis for a currency; but it was utterly inconsistent with Peel's act, or with the convictions of the chairman of the select committee on that Act. Sir Charles Wood pointed out the error, and the Indian finance minister at once rectified it. He was, therefore, the instrument for carrying out another man's ideas; yet, instead of being left to complain that Mr. Wilson was cold in carrying out pure Peelism, we are compelled to admit that he threw himself, heart and soul, into the duties he had undertaken, and carried them out as earnestly and honestly as if they had been the result of his own independent reason. It would be difficult to find a more able and a more honest servant, even where he was conscientiously fain to act in opposition to his own theoretical opinions.

In this practical aspect, again, his nature is brought home to every Englishman's sympathies. The fact that he has broken down in harness is another circumstance that touches the heart of our industrious community. We see that he was earning rewards which he had not time to attain, and we should all of us be glad if we could, by any miracle, convey to his grave the prizes which are so well his due. It may truly be said that the qualities which particularly distinguished Wilson, although they did not place him in the highest rank of intellect or of masterly statesmanship, are those which have rendered England what she is—practical sagacity, ready adaptability in the position to which Providence assigns a man, and thoroughly faithful service in distinctly recognized duties.

From The Press.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES WILSON.

In ancient legendary tales the enchanted castles of wicked necromancers, and the impregnable fortresses of robber chieftains, are oftentimes described as being cemented with human blood. In the every-day life of modern times this ghastly fiction takes the form of reality, and the "baptism of blood" appears indispensable to the completion of every great undertaking, whether it be the construction of a leviathan steamship, the erection of a stupendous edifice, the acqui-

sition of an empire, or its subsequent preservation. Our fellow-subjects to the eastward of the "fabled Hydaspes" still cling with the tenacity of ignorance to the superstition which was only a "fond, foolish fancy" with the old-world romancers. Is a canal to be cut, a college to be built, or a pier run out into the sea, straightway strange rumors of children being stolen and sacrificed by the demoniacal Feringhees circulate through the district, and a still horror falls upon the credulous peasantry. In one sense, indeed, every great enterprise in India really demands more than one human offering. Mental excitement and physical exhaustion in a climate unfavorable to all extraordinary exertions whether of mind or body are soon equivalent to a long tale of years under less inauspicious circumstances; and the wise man is swept off from the sphere of his usefulness, while the fool remains to smoke, and drink, and draw his allowances, content to be an animal so long as he is a paid one. A Dalhousie toils and suffers through eight momentous years, and returns to his native land a living corpse,—a proud sorrow to his relatives, but lost to his country. An Elphinstone with firm hand represses rebellion, and diffuses a sense of security, and reaches the shores of Old England only to lay his bones with those of his forefathers. A Ward leaves a Barataria which his talent for administration had converted into a "first gem of the sea," and takes the helm of government in a presidency distracted by contending "systems," each partly right, each wholly wrong, but the guns that salute his arrival sound also his death-knell. A few days later and the insatiable earth again opens for a grave. This time it is the man who the least of all in India could be spared at the present moment that descends into "cold obstruction's apathy."

The Right Hon. James Wilson is dead; and at such a crisis his death is nothing short of a national calamity. Opinions may differ as to the ultimate results of the great financial measure he lived barely long enough to introduce, but there can be no divergence of views as to the estimate of his character. The Income-tax may very possibly fail to yield the golden harvest which its more sanguine supporters affect to anticipate. It may even create discontent by affording opportunity for oppression; and in some districts

the collection of the revenue, if it do not call forth a Hampden, may produce a Wat Tyler or a Jack Cade. But above these clouds, and through this temporary and local darkness, the memory of James Wilson will shine clear and unsullied, as that of the man who first evoked order out of the chaos of Indian finance, and rendered it possible for the future to regulate the outlay by the income. He also was the first to teach Indian governors that finance is an exact science, based upon fixed principles; that prodigality is not munificence, or economy a question of mere pence; that loans are not capital, or "anticipations" a legitimate source of revenue. To him likewise is due the merit of having placed checks upon departmental as well as central expenditure, and of having simplified the system of accounts as far as his brief tenure of office would permit. Had he done nothing else, indeed, than present the first real Indian Budget, he would have done enough to connect his name inseparably with those of the great and good men who have shed such lustre on the annals of Indian administration; but in truth he has done far more than this, in clearing the way for his successors, and in making that comparatively easy which, without the previous exercise of his great capacity for financial details, would have been wellnigh impossible.

Mr. Wilson was a genuine type of the middle class of English society. Without the aid of any very brilliant talents or accomplishments, he worked his way up from a humble origin to a distinguished place in the Cabinet by the employment of those great and sound qualities which constitute the national character. He was persevering, practical, and painstaking, making sure of his ground before venturing upon a step in advance, but then pushing forward with calm unflinching resolution. Whatever fault, as Conservatives, we may find with his political

views, we do not for a moment question his sincerity, or the earnest application of thought and study which prefaced his conclusions. That he possessed a large knowledge of the statistics of trade no man in his senses would ever dispute; and perhaps it would have been unreasonable to expect that a man of his antecedents should have followed any other course than that which he pursued—with a consistency, we freely admit, that at all times commanded the respect of his political opponents; for enemies he had none. His start in life was unfortunate, and, conscious of his own abilities, he naturally ascribed his ill success to the laws which seemed, to his prejudiced vision, to impede the full development of internal trade and external commerce. A slight bias at the commencement of a career leads ere long to a wide divergence from the straight line; and thus, notwithstanding his large collection of facts and premises, Mr. Wilson "shunted himself off" on to a line in which we care not to follow him. It must be acknowledged, however, that, notwithstanding his "liberal" tendencies—to use a conventional misnomer—he rendered no unimportant aid to the service of finance by his masterly manipulation of facts and clear exposition of first principles. His very success in life was a service to his country, in that he set an example unto others that, no matter how lowly may be a man's original station in society, he may by a proper exercise of his faculties, and by holding to an upright and honorable course of conduct, gain for himself a distinguished place in the foremost rank of his contemporaries, and at his death leave a footprint on the sands of time which shall cheer many a fainting brother struggling onwards along the arid shores of life's stormy and troubled waters. Peace be with his memory. A good and faithful servant has passed away: may one equally good and faithful be found to take his place.

THE Rev. Patrick Bronte, of Haworth, England, now eighty-three years of age, preached his last sermon, not on the 31st of August, 1860, —as has been incorrectly stated in late journals, —but on the 30th of October, 1859, and has not been in the church since. For some months past

the venerable gentleman has not quitted the parsonage house, and is almost confined to his bed. The Lord Bishop of Ripon held a confirmation at Haworth recently, and during the day his lordship visited the octogenarian pastor in his bedroom, where he was confined to his bed.

From The Spectator.

INCURABLE PAUPERS.

In a philanthropic contemporary, called the *Friend of the People*, we find another excellent suggestion, which has been pointed out to us by a most esteemed correspondent. It relates to paupers who are incurable invalids; and it proposes a plan for mitigating the sufferings of that class which appears to us to have in it an element of the greatest value. The plan is this:—

“That these paupers—those especially suffering from acute and distressing diseases, such as dropsy, cancer, consumption, etc.—should be placed in wards especially allotted to them. That in these wards (or in the regular surgical and infirmary wards, where such exist in the house) private charity be permitted to introduce comforts calculated to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. These comforts would consist of things which ought not to be supplied to the ordinary pauper, and which are not, and possibly ought not, to be in any case supplied out of the rates. I will mention a few that personal experience has suggested to me.

“Arm-chairs, in which it would be possible for the sick and debilitated to recline. Many are the cases in which the relief of a temporary change of posture would be immense; many others in which the constant lying in bed is simply weakening and harmful. Yet the patients are compelled to remain even for years in or upon their pallets, because there is no seat for them except hard wooden benches, with no support for their arms or head, and upon which they could not sit up for a moment. It is piteous to see poor creatures, often very near death, often with many months of such suffering before them, sitting gasping on the sides of their beds, for the simple reason that they cannot breathe if they lie down, wearied out in this miserable posture without cushion or support of any kind.

“Again, a few movable screens, to enclose a bed from the sight of the rest of the ward, would be a relief at times of great suffering, dressing wounds, etc., and at the moment of death. If the patient were insensible to such an arrangement, it would at least be a benefit to the other inmates of the ward. The sight of death is most trying and even most dangerous to the sick and aged.

“Air-beds for the bedridden, and cushions for those having sores.

“Fruit or lemonade to such as are distressed with constant feverish thirst.

“Cough lozenges for such as cough all night, to their own misery and that of their neighbors.

“Tea of a quality better than the ‘House-tea,’ to be taken, too, whenever the patient or nurse thinks well.

“Mutton and some vegetables in summer, to vary the perpetual ‘potatoes and beef’ (the latter much too hard for many of them either to masticate or digest) that constitute their usual fare.

“Spectacles for such as can see to read with them, and books to beguile their dreary hours.

“All the comestibles, of course, to be given under the sanction of the surgeon. And further (but here I feel I am treading on delicate ground), may I not suggest that there are cases in which the sleeping draught or the expensive tonic (things not necessary, only alleviating pain) would be willingly and thankfully prescribed by the surgeon, were it not impossible that he should habitually do so under the present system, where all medicines are paid for out of his own scanty salary.

“There are numberless forms of incurable disease in which the suffering may be much alleviated, although the appliances for the purpose cannot be counted as necessities, and do not come under the head of articles which a board of guardians would expect a surgeon to order. No doubt we shall be told the surgeon may order what he pleases, and many a benevolent board can boast that it has never refused to ratify any of his orders or recommendations. But to descend from theory to practice, do we really find that workhouse surgeons order such (unquestionable) alleviations of the sufferings of their patients as those above specified? I fear it is hopeless to expect an affirmative answer to such a question. With all possible respect for the surgeons as a body, it must be admitted that it is expecting too much to suppose that they would uniformly recommend expenses not absolutely needful to their patients, and (as tending to increase the rates) naturally distasteful to their patrons. So long as the system of ‘lumping’ the surgeon’s salary and his medicines be maintained, we must expect that only the most inexpensive drugs will be administered. So long as a surgeon holding his place at will from the board, is the sole official to demand extra expenditure, we must be prepared to find his demands—more, it may be, than is quite consistent with the comfort of his patients—so shaped as to please his patrons.

“On the other hand, were the principle of voluntary aid admitted for these wards alone, we should find the needs of the most miserable class of the community met by the charity of wholly disinterested spectators. For such an end, the usual lady visitors of

each workhouse would find little or no difficulty in raising such sums as would meet the necessities of this case. The sufferers would be relieved, and yet the rates would undergo not a shilling's further charge! Shall we be told that indirectly such a scheme would encourage pauperism? I answer—it is not likely that any one would be tempted voluntarily to go into the workhouse when suffering from painful disease, even should he hear of the existence of a more comfortable ward than any now to be found there. But if any case of this kind occurred, or were even suspected, it would be easy for the master or guardians not to put such a patient into this ward, and so defeat his object."

Finally, F. M., the correspondent who sets forth this plan, proposes that the charitable public should be allowed admission to the workhouse in order to afford solace to the sick and aged within the walls. When reform last touched the subject of the poor law broadly, there had been great abuses from a tampering with the funds of industry, farmers being allowed to cheat themselves by paying half their wages out of the rates. In the natural dislike to that commingling of commerce and embezzlement, the poor-law reformers of thirty years ago cut off many of the auxiliaries which had really improved the administration of the poor law, and prevented the workhouse from being, as it might well be in every parish of England, self-supporting, or nearly so, by an applica-

tion of industry to the capacity of the pauper class, and introduced a harsh treatment of misfortune; and they committed a grievous blunder in any Christian country when they deliberately exiled kindness from the treatment of the poorest in the land. They imagined that they should secure more unadulterated wisdom in the administration of the poor law if they built a party wall between the strictness of that administration and of kindness. Many a wretched creature had been made more wretched without any advantage to the community, but with much indignation and rankling amongst the classes next the poorest. The vast growth of our towns, the drive in which most classes live, the struggle for existence which has prompted trading of every kind, and converted even philanthropy into a profession, have all contributed to develop a wretched mechanical form of charity without much genuine personal feeling in it; and yet without any safeguards from authorized revision. The proposal made by F. M. would create circumstances which would enable charity to resume its spontaneous and personal character under the revision of trusted public officers fitted by special experience and by training to check the abuses of that charity. We hesitate to pronounce a positive opinion on the proposal offhand, but we see at once that it merits a very serious consideration.

THE new editor of the *Quarterly Review* is Mr. M'Pherson. His distinctions hitherto have been more as a writer on law, and as a judge in India. He has not been a contributor to the *Quarterly*, and is only known in literature by some highly esteemed law treatises. But I have no doubt Mr. Murray knows what he is about, in transferring to him the post vacated by the Rev. Mr. Elwin. Mr. M'Pherson is an old schoolfellow and intimate personal friend of Mr. Murray. Mr. Elwin resigns the editorship of the *Quarterly* that he may devote himself, with less interruption, to the literary plans of his own. At present, I believe, he is engaged on a biography of Pope. He has for the same reason relinquished the task of finishing and preparing for the press the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, left incomplete

by Leslie. It was Mr. Leslie's wish that Mr. Elwin should have worked out the task he left unfinished; but that task must now be intrusted to another hand.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY, author of a pleasant book, "Glimpses of Spain," and who has also the charge of preparing a biography of Turner, the great English landscape painter, to eulogize whom Ruskin first began to write, is, it is said, about to visit the United States.

MISS LOUISE LANDOR, recently returned from Rome, will soon visit New York. She is now visiting her home in Salem, Mass.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Sept.

THE DEPUTATION TO MACMAHON.

THE Irish government was of course quite in the right in not interfering with the harmless exhibition of political mountebanks which has just taken place in the camp at Chalons. That exhibition has been not only harmless but very useful. People are sometimes tempted to think that free institutions like ours are not applicable to a country where a portion of the press is always preaching pikes and vitriol; and where it has been said the necessities of life consist, not in a full belly and a warm back, but in a glass of whiskey and a stick. We now see the advantage of liberty in Ireland. A policy of repression would have concealed from us the real state of the case, and led us to believe that there was a terrible flame of rebellious sentiment smouldering beneath the surface of society. We let it blaze up freely, and this is what it amounts to—a little clique of braggarts, of whom the most formidable is the O'Donoghue, who go about talking sedition, as a schoolboy uses bad language, because it is so very naughty and so very fine. Unlike repressive governments, the Irish government—thanks to their own kind exertions—knows its enemies to a man, and could put its hand on them at any hour's notice, in case of any real danger to the country. What is still more important, Europe now knows, from authentic information, what the Irish have to complain of. The address to MacMahon does not contain the faintest allusion to any practical grievance. The French marshal is not implored to recover for Ireland, with his conquering sword, the personal liberty, the freedom of speech, the freedom of election which are enjoyed in France." The sorrows of Erin are reduced to her "blood and tears" and her "widowhood"—blood which has not flowed for more than half a century, except in faction fights, tears which are produced by nothing more harrowing than whiskey, and a "widowhood" which, whatever it may mean, will probably be soon cured by the improved steam communication which is fast drawing a partner close to the "widow's" side. Marshal MacMahon is at perfect liberty to make the tour of Ireland, and see whether he can discover any more wrongs for his chivalry to redress than these.

MacMahon's name, that of a descendant of Irish exiles, is, no doubt, a proof that there were blood and tears in Ireland in times gone by. But that blood and those tears were not the tears of Ireland alone. They flowed over the whole of Europe, torn, as it then was, by the contending ecclesiastical factions of a persecuting age. The Irish Catholics suffered under the not unnatural

vengeance of English Protestants for the cruelties inflicted on Protestants by Catholics in other countries. If the Catholic monarchies received Irish exiles—if there is still a MacMahon in France, a Sarsfeldt and O'Donnell in Spain, and in Austria descendants of Irishmen who fought for Ferdinand II., England and Ireland can show the descendants of the expelled Huguenots and of refugees from other Catholic nations; and we might show more if, in Italy, Spain, and Austria, the Protestants had not been exterminated, instead of being expelled. If France is justified in undertaking a crusade to avenge the cruel fanaticism of Cromwell, we are equally justified in undertaking a crusade to avenge the cruel fanaticism of Louis XIV. The O'Donoghue demonstration is the tail of departing animosities, which another half century of just government will finally number with the past. You might have got up just such a demonstration in Scotland half a century after the "sair and sorrowful Union." We have already left far behind us the evil days when the Duke of Wellington, in making his military calculations, assumed that Ireland must be held as a hostile country. Steam is hastening that beneficent process of amalgamation which will soon make of the two islands the greatest nation in the world. The same mixed race, though mixed in different proportions, inhabits both islands. In the upper classes especially, the fusion is far advanced, and probably some of the gentlemen who accompanied the O'Donoghue have as much claim to the title of Celt as the Æthiopian serenaders have to that of Æthiopian. Mr. Mitchell himself is betrayed by his name, which proves him to be a descendant of the accursed Saxon, and a proper object of Celtic vengeance. All attempts to galvanize the distinctive language of the ancient Irish are ridiculous failures. It is dying away rapidly, like Gaelic and Welsh, before the imperial and literary tongue. The foreign allegiance to which Irish Catholics have clung is about to be shaken by the decline of the papacy; and there is no allegiance to take its place in their hearts other than that of the imperial crown—except that of a mythological throne which, it seems, would be at once contested between King Smith O'Brien and King MacMahon. The quarrel has become antiquarian, and antiquarian quarrels do not long survive the growth of common prosperity and the ascendancy of equal justice. A military occupation of Ireland by the French, supposing it to occur among the accidents of war, would but delay for a moment, in some respects it might even hasten, the inevitable consummation.

Yet this crazy enthusiasm about a French

marshal with an Irish name reads a lesson not to be neglected. The Irish, like all Celtic races, are, compared with the Teutonic races, careless of institutions and devoted to persons. When an Irishman talks of liberty, he means a tyrant all to himself. It was the man O'Connell, not the principles of Catholic emancipation or repeal which he advocated, that reigned in the hearts of the Irish peasant. The name of Bonaparte was once invested with a similar halo in Irish eyes, and when the descent on Ireland was being planned by the French directory, the most urgent demand of their Irish confederates was for a general with a well-known name. Personal influence is the one influence of which, at the present stage of their political education, the mass of the Irish people are susceptible. They are scarcely capable of enlightened attachment to the British Constitution; but they are capable of the most passionate loyalty to the wearer of the British crown. Unfortunately, our sovereigns have rarely had the wisdom or the grace to cultivate this disposition. They have seldom visited that portion of their dominions where their presence would be most acceptable and most beneficial. When they have visited Ireland, they have been received with an enthusiasm which it must be owned the conduct of most of their number had but little deserved; yet on the flimsy

pretext that there was not a sufficiently commodious palace in the island, they have habitually neglected a paramount duty to the state, flung away affections which they might easily have secured, and permitted a succession of impostors to usurp their throne in the hearts of the Irish people. It is lamentable to think how much coercion might have been rendered needless, how much bitterness might have been averted, if our sovereigns would have condescended to pass a few months occasionally in a beautiful country, among a people who would have worshipped them, and a people to whom they were bound, in expiation of past injuries, to be pre-eminently kind. Never was there a monarch more naturally fitted than the present occupant of the throne to repair this great omission. To ask it at her hands is to ask no more than is expected of the sovereigns of other countries. No sooner is Savoy annexed to France than it receives from the French emperor the judicious compliment of a personal visit. Even Queen Isabella musters sense and public spirit enough to make a progress through her dominions. The time has come when monarchy, like other institutions, must stand by its own merits, and earn, by the performance of its gracious duties, the loyalty which, if so earned, may in this country be long retained.

HEARING IN LARGE CHURCHES.—This is now made as easy as in the smallest by the success of an experiment just completed in Trinity Church, in this city. It consists of a paraboloidal reflector of sound placed at the back of the pulpit, of which the speaker's mouth is the focus. A beam of sound about ten feet in diameter is thus thrown to the most remote point of the church, and by its side flow fills the whole body of the building. The structure is quite ornamental and in harmony with the general architecture of the building. All great public buildings, whether for singing or speaking, may have a similar arrangement adapted to their use. The whole of the rear end of a building like the Academy of Music should be one paraboloidal surface. It is particularly suitable for legislative halls, as it works both ways. A person standing at the furthest door in Trinity Church can carry on a conversation with one in the pulpit in the lowest tones, even in a whisper. Any person well acquainted with the higher mathematics and accustomed to make constructions in architecture, engineering, or machinery is competent to superintend such an erection. The one in

Trinity Church was put up under the supervision of Professor Hackley, of Columbia College, in this city.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE FIG CROP IN PORTUGAL.—An official document published by the Portuguese government shows that the annual production of figs in the province of Algarve averages 11 238 tons, of which 2,496 are consumed in the country, chiefly in making brandy, and the rest exported. The price varies from 19fr. 36c. to 27fr. 11c. in French money the 100 kilogs (about two cwt.). The exportation is principally made to France, Holland, and Belgium.

CHARLES HEMANS, the son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, has just published in Florence, but in English, a work with the title, "Catholic Italy: its Institutions and Sanctuaries." The "part" now issued treats of Rome and the papal states. Mr. Hemans has been a correspondent of the *London Critic*, and this volume is made up in part from his letters to that journal.

From Chambers's Journal.

PERSECUTED LITERATURE.

A PROPENSITY for persecution seems inherent in human nature. The Israelites, who had suffered so much at the hands of Egyptian taskmasters, in their day of power showed no mercy to unbelieving Gentiles; Mohammed openly advocated conversion by sword and fire; and spite of the tie of a common faith, spite of the doctrine of mercy, long-suffering, and loving-kindness preached by the great Founder of Christianity, his followers have imitated the devotees of more bloodthirsty creeds, and

"Burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they
did."

The physical annihilation of an opponent was so much more simple an operation than his intellectual overthrow; arguments might not always be ready, but the torch and the fagot were ever at hand; while to suppress the opinions of an adversary was more decisively conclusive than any attempt to confute them could possibly be.

The works of the early Christians received scant justice from imperial hands. Tiberius burned Eutychius' work on the Resurrection of the Dead, and Diocletian issued an edict, ordering all Christian books to be surrendered up to the civil authorities, or the latter were to seize and burn them. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Emperor Maximilian directed a crusade against Hebrew literature: all Jewish books, Bibles excepted, were ordered to be burned, because they were filled with blasphemies against Christ. The Talmud was an especial object of hatred—emperors, kings, and popes vied with each other in their fulminations against it; and twelve thousand copies were burned at one time in Cremona—a feat throwing the destruction of five thousand copies of the Koran by Cardinal Ximenes into the shade.

The Reformation gave occasion for a vast deal of book-burning. Tetzal would gladly have burned Luther himself; failing that, he gratified his feelings by publicly committing the great reformer's discourses and theses to the flames; a compliment the students of Wittenberg acknowledged by burning eight hundred copies of Tetzal's counter-theses in the market-place of that town. When Servetus, after once escaping from his enemies at Vi-

enna, was retaken, and, by Calvin's instigation, burned at Geneva, his books and manuscripts shared the same fate.

In 1762, the *Emilie* of Jean Jacques Rousseau was burned by the common hangman at Geneva, and his *Contrat Social* afterwards experienced the same fate.

In England, the war upon books was commenced by the haughty, high-reaching son of the Ipswich butcher. The production of literary works had, until his time, been fostered rather than discouraged, and the importations of foreign presses facilitated. Wolsey, writhing under the severe personalities launched at him by Skelton and Roy, and foreseeing that the spirit of religious liberty would speed itself, on the wings lent to it by Faust, among a brave people awakening to a sense of their united might, warned the clergy that unless they exerted themselves to suppress printing, printing would most certainly suppress them. The astute cardinal left no means untried to prevent the circulation of any thing he considered dangerous to either Church or State. The king could enjoy the stinging satires levelled at his ambitious favorite sufficiently to protect the satirists from his vengeance, but the author of the *Defence of the Seven Sacraments* was not loath to make his adversaries know that he had at his command more powerful weapons than his pen. He accordingly issued an *Index Expurgatorius*, anathematizing the new learning of Protestantism as heretical; and Wolsey went in solemn procession to St. Paul's, and presided at the burning of the works of the Wittenberg monk, dreaming as little as his proud master, that in less than ten years from that time, the Defender of the Faith would quarrel with its high-priest, and prohibit the lucubrations of the advocate of papal supremacy as pestilent, infectious, and seditious! Among those who were busiest in this literary crusade, the Bishop of Durham was particularly prominent. His mortal fear of one "little book brought by some folks from Newcastle," led him to make a vain attempt to get all the ports of the kingdom closed against the offending volume. By another exploit, this prelate unwittingly earned the gratitude of the reformers. Upon the publication of the second edition of Tindal's Bible in 1538, a Tindalite, under sentence of execution, was offered a free pardon if he would divulge the

name of the person by whose assistance the obnoxious version of the Scriptures had been reprinted. He accepted the condition, and to the astonishment of the chancellor, and the confusion of the Bishop of Durham, declared the bishop was the man, he having, by carefully buying up every copy of the first edition, supplied the funds for bringing out the second.

In the reign of Edward VI., the works of Peter Lombard, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas were carried upon biers, tumbled into bonfires, and burned in the marketplace of Oxford. In the next reign, English Bibles and English commentaries on the Scriptures, of which the number was almost infinite, were treated in the same manner. Philip and Mary did not halt in the good work of suppressing any books tending to undermine their own temporal authority or the spiritual predominance of the pope, and in the latter category were reckoned writings calculated to bring religious houses or the Society of Jesus into contempt. In 1555, the Stationers' Company received their charter, by which they were expressly authorized to search as often as it pleased them all houses occupied by printers, binders, stampers, or booksellers, for any works obnoxious to the state or their own interests, and to seize, burn, or convert such works to their own use. Three years afterwards, the following terse, and, as Strype calls it, "terrible" proclamation was issued, and promptly acted upon:—

"By the king and queen.—Whereas diverse books, filled with heresy, sedition, and treason, have of late and be daily brought into the realm out of foreign countries and places beyond the seas, and some also covertly printed within this realm, and east abroad in sundry parts thereof; whereby not only God is dishonored, but also encouragement is given to disobey lawful princes and governors; the king and queen's majesty, for redress hereof, do by their present proclamation declare and publish to all their subjects, that whosoever shall, after the proclamation hereof, be found to have any of the said wicked and seditious books, or finding them, doth not forthwith burn the same, without showing or reading the same to any other person, shall in that case be reputed and taken for a rebel, and shall without delay be executed for that offence, according to the order

of martial law. Given at our manor of St. James, the 6th day of June, 1558." This curt and cruel edict is supposed to have been especially provoked by the appearance of a little work, by one Christopher Goodwin, on the lawfulness of disobeying superior powers, in which rebellion against the tyranny of the crowned bigots was openly advised and defended.

In Elizabeth's time, several political pamphlets, and under James, some libels on the powers that were, perished at the stake. Dr. John Cowell published a law dictionary, called *The Interpreter*, and dedicated it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it he argued in favor of assimilating the laws of England to those of imperial Rome; these "outlandish politics" attracted some notice, and drew down the censure of both Houses of Parliament; the author was taken into custody, and *The Interpreter* committed to the flames "for asserting several points to the destruction of Parliament." In 1622, David Pare's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* was burned at London, Oxford, and Cambridge, by order of the privy council; and in 1640, the House of Lords commanded two works, Pocklington's *Altare Christianum*, and *Sunday no Sabbath*, to be burned by the common executioner in the city of London and at the two universities.

When Parliament went up and the king went down, and Presbyterianism was for a while in the ascendant, the old victims of Episcopal persecution, eager to do as they had been done by, became the bitter denouncers of what they called "cursed intolerable toleration." They who had cried out loudest against the decrees of the old licensors of the press, appointed new ones, by whom all antagonistic works were ruthlessly consigned to destruction. If the God-fearing Puritans proved so merciless, it is not to be wondered at that one of the first proceedings under the Restoration was the burning by the hangman of the Covenant and three acts of Parliament: that for erecting the High Court of Justice by which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and that by which England was declared a Commonwealth. On the 13th of August, the king issued a proclamation, ordering all copies of *The Obstructors of Justice*, by J. Goodwin, late of Coleman Street, London, to be burned, coupling with it a much more famous work,

the splendid *Defence of the People of England*, by one John Milton; but Charles would scarcely, like his successor James, have commanded Claude's account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to be burned at the Exchange, to please the French ambassador. Baxter's *Holy Commonwealth* received the same honor at Oxford in the very year of the Revolution.

After that important event, Parliament looked with jealous eyes upon those who grounded the right of William and Mary to occupy the throne upon any thing else but the will of the two Houses. In 1692, a pamphlet by C. Blount describing the king as a conqueror, was burned in Palace Yard. Three years previously, Bishop Burnet published a Pastoral Letter to his Clergy upon taking the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary. Carried away by his zeal, he wrote: "Here was a war begun upon just and lawful grounds, and a war being so begun, it is the uncontroverted opinion of all lawyers, that the success of a just war gives a lawful title to that which is acquired in the progress of it. Therefore, King James having so far sunk in the war, that he both abandoned his people and deserted the government, all his right and title did accrue to the king, in the right of a conqueror over him." This ascription of William's title to the right of conquest was especially repugnant to the parliamentary leaders; and although they did not attempt to prevent the circulation of the Pastoral Letter for three years, it was condemned at the same time as Blount's pamphlet above mentioned.

In 1793, Defoe's *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, which raised the ire alike of those it assailed and those it defended, was burned by order of the House of Commons—a decree the true-born Englishman could treat with contempt. In the same year, the Scots Parliament indulged themselves in a similar way. The *Historia Anglo-Scotica, or an Impartial History of all that happened between the Kings and Kingdoms of England and Scotland from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth*, by Dr. James Drake, was found to contain many false and injurious reflections upon the sovereignty and independence of the Scotch crown and nation and was therefore burned by the common hangman at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh. Another work, *Memorials of the Church of*

England, by the same author, was censured from the throne, and, by the orders of the House of Commons, burned at the Royal Exchange. Dr. Drake's literary life was one of hairbreadth escapes and strange vicissitudes; he was a Tory partisan writer, as daring in breaking the law as he was clever in eluding the clutches of its emissaries. He used to forward his manuscript to the printer through the agency of a masked lady, who took care that her whereabouts should not be traced. He was once saved by the word "nor" having been substituted for "not" in an indictment; but at length government managed to lay hold of him, and abandoned to his fate by those his pen had served, he died raving mad. In 1705, a book entitled *The Superiority and Direct Domination of the Imperial Crown of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland*, was so offensive to Scottish notions, that the Parliament of that country handed it over to the executioner. Ten years later, the Irish House of Commons ordered the burning at Dublin of "a false, malicious, and scandalous libel," published by the Irish Jacobins, and called *A Long History of a Short Session of a Certain Parliament in a Certain Kingdom*, the contents of which were less ambiguous than its title.

The last noticeable instance of book-burning by authority occurred in 1723. The celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, purchased from the library of the Landgrave of Hessel a copy of the *Christianisme Restitutio* of Servetus, the publication of which cost the author his life. This particular copy was reputed to have belonged to Colledon, one of his accusers. The doctor determined to reprint the ill-fated work in quarto, but before the edition was completed, the sheets were seized at the instance of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, and the impression burned, May 27, 1723. A few copies escaped destruction, one of which may be seen in the Library of the Medical Society of London. In 1770, a perfect reprint was issued, but only four copies are now known to be in existence. The original copy passed from Dr. Mead into the hands of the Duc de la Vallière, at the sale of whose collection it was purchased for the Imperial Library of France at the price of 3,810 livres.

In these days of cheap printing and toleration, book-burning is looked upon as

a puerile folly, upon a par with the Irish method of spiting a banker by burning his notes. Still literature has suffered losses. As Wat Tyler's victorious rabble made fire-brands of the ancient records of the city of London, so mad mobs destroyed invaluable treasures when they set fire to Lord Mansfield's and Dr. Priestley's houses. The Vandal Massena, in retreating from the lines of Torres Vedras, wantonly destroyed the church and convent of Alcobaca, rich with the national literature of Portugal.

Valuable works have fallen victims to ignorance and avarice. The niece of Peirese, "the attorney-general of the republic of letters," refused to allow the letters addressed to him by the most eminent scholars of the age to be published, because she found them useful for fuel. Mr. Warburton's servant used up a collection of old plays, many of which were unique specimens of our Elizabethan dramatists, for the bottoms of tarts and lighting the fire, for which ignoble purpose the records of the hospital of St. Cross were applied by its ignorant housekeeper;

and Bishop Cowper's wife, disgusted with his studious habits, destroyed in a few moments the results of eight years' labor. Sometimes authors have been stoics enough to commit literary suicide. Colardeau when dying, dragged himself to the fire, and sacrificed his translation of Tasso; Raleigh is said to have destroyed the concluding volumes of his *History of the World*; James Montgomery burned a novel, the composition of which had lightened the hours of his imprisonment; Moore put Byron's diary in the fire; D'Orsay did the same office for his own, which must have been worth reading; and Colonel Stewart, son of Dugald Stewart, not only destroyed his own manuscripts, which he calculated had cost him thirteen years of his life, but what was of considerably more consequence, burned his father's incomplete *Philosophy of a Man as a Member of a Political Association*, his Edinburgh lectures on *Political Economy*, and a continuation of his *Encyclopædia Britannica Dissertation*; unmindful of Milton's aphorism, that "he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself."

An English newspaper correspondent gives some interesting particulars of a recent visit to the birthplace and house of Hervey, the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," from which we make the following extract:—

"In one of the rooms of the present rectory at Weston Favel may be seen Williams' portrait of Hervey. The library contains a most valuable relic, namely, the identical Bible which was the constant companion of Mr. Hervey in the pulpit. It is preserved with the greatest care, and is naturally very highly prized by its present possessor. It is a small edition, containing the prayer-book at the beginning, and the old version of the Psalms at the end. It was printed by T. Basket, in 1748, is bound in black calf, and is somewhat mutilated. The 'Promises of Scripture,' selected by Mr. Hervey, are pasted on the covers. It appears to have been his constant *vade mecum*, and to have been a veteran in his service. 'I am inclined to think,' observes the late Rev. Mr. Knight, 'from the state in which it appears, having been so much handled and worn, that this same Bible was his constant companion in the study and closet, and in the family as well as in the pulpit, when he expounded the Scriptures in that wonderful manner that Mr. Ryland, in such glowing terms, describes.' In this library, too, is to be found the edition of 'Houbigant's Hebrew Bible,' which was presented to Mr. Hervey, by Lady Shirley.

Amongst other books which belonged to Mr. Hervey, and which may here be seen, are 'Henry's Bible,' folio; 'Cruden's Concordance,' quarto; and 'Young's Night Thoughts,' with the name of its possessor, 'James Hervey,' and these words, 'The gift, the very acceptable gift, of—Hewitt, counsellor-at-law.' Here appears also his own copy of 'Theron and Aspasio.' The easy-chair, in which it is supposed Hervey expired, stands in a room adjoining the library, and will ever be inspected with peculiar interest. It appears well to have deserved the appellation of 'easy,' being large and comfortable, moving on castors, and having the seat, back, and sides well stuffed with hair. Two sets of engravings, which serve to illustrate the Dutch translation of the 'Meditations' and 'Theron and Aspasio,' and the telescope Mr. Hervey used for making himself acquainted with the wonders of creation, are also preserved at the present rectory. In 1746, he published his first volume of the 'Meditations,' his 'Reflections upon a Flower-Garden' and a 'Descant upon Creation.' These were written for the most part at Bideford, and a manuscript of them we had in our hands the other day at Weston. The handwriting of Mr. Hervey was beautiful, resembling copper-plate—small, neat, and well punctuated. He seldom made any erasures, but at times he crossed out a sentence, and occasionally substituted one word for another."

From The Examiner.

The Glaciers of the Alps. Being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and in the Government School of Mines. With Illustrations. Murray.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL tells us that six years ago he was driven to study cleavage by a sight of the slate quarries of Penrhyn, and after consideration of the theories of others on that subject, and much thought and experiment on his own, including an inquiry into the lamination of the crust of apple tarts, he set off to Switzerland to study laminated structure in the glacier ice. His first exploration was, in 1856, of the Oberland and the Tyrol. In the year following he visited the Lake of Geneva and Chamouni, studied the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, and made also his first ascent of Mont Blanc. In the next year his study of nature was continued on the Strahleck and the Finsteraarhorn, on the top also of Monte Rosa—which he ascended twice in that year—and again on the top of Mont Blanc. Afterwards—it was last year—he made a winter expedition to the Mer de Glace. Professor Tyndall, therefore, has earned double first-class honors in the Alpine school, and has something to tell the public about Switzerland, both as a general tourist and as a man of science, well accustomed to make abstruse things easy to the polite audiences of the Royal Institution. He is the more able to help us as a guide to mysteries of nature on the mountain tops, because he tells us that his first thought had been to adapt his book of travel and scientific observation to the use of the young, and he asks us to take that apology for certain elementary details. The great majority of travellers of every age will be very much obliged to Doctor Tyndall for not having taken for granted too much previous knowledge in his readers.

The volume is divided into two parts, one records incidents of mountain exploration, in the manner of a bold and hearty climber, who is yet philosopher enough to reason about his legs when scaling the top of Mont Blanc, by advances of fifteen paces between each pause for quiet to the beating of the

heart. "I endeavored," he says, "to ascertain whether the hip joint, on account of the diminished atmospheric pressure, became loosened, so as to throw the weight of the leg upon the surrounding ligaments, but could not be certain about it." In the second part of his work Doctor Tyndall gives a clear summary of what is said and known about the glaciers and other wonders of the hills. His book will open the eyes of many travellers this autumn to beauties of nature unobserved before; it is full of local information that will be read with advantage on the ground described, but it is especially to be welcomed as a clear and thorough scientific guide. Men usually seek health rather than knowledge on the Alps, but any one may be glad of knowledge that enlarges the enjoyment. Professor Tyndall recommends his view of the use of mountains to the Alpine Club. "No doubt," he says,—

"No doubt it is a sufficient justification of our Alpine men, as regards their climbing, *that they like it*. This plain reason is enough; and no man who ever ascended that 'bad eminence' Primrose Hill, or climbed to Hampstead Heath for the sake of a freer horizon, can consistently ask a better. As regards physical science, however, the contributions of our mountaineers have as yet been *nil*, and hence, when we hear of the scientific value of their doings, it is simply amusing to the climbers themselves. I do not fear that I shall offend them in the least by my frankness in stating this. Their pleasure is that of overcoming acknowledged difficulties, and of witnessing natural grandeur. But I would venture to urge that our Alpine men will not find their pleasure lessened by embracing a scientific object in their doings. They have the strength, the intelligence, and let them add to these the accuracy which physical science now demands, and they may contribute work of enduring value. Mr. Casella will gladly teach them the use of his minimum-thermometers; and I trust that the next seven years will not pass without making us acquainted with the winter temperature of every mountain of note in Switzerland.

But a note tells us that the president of the club is now really exerting himself in this direction. Mr. Tyndall found a too strict reading of the regulations for the safety of travellers very much in the way of any scientific use of Mont Blanc when he prepared the second time for its ascent, and to

his influence as *primum mobile* explorers owe a better understanding of his duties by M. le Guide Chef at Chamouni.

Bound for the second time upward on Monte Rosa, the philosopher again makes observations on his legs:—

"Occupied with my own thoughts as I ascended, I sometimes unconsciously went too quickly, and felt the effects of the exertion. I then slackened my pace, allowing each limb an instant of repose as I drew it out of the snow, and found that in this way walking became rest. This is an illustration of the principle which runs throughout nature—to accomplish physical changes, time is necessary. Different positions of the limb require different molecular arrangements; and to pass from one to the other requires time. By lifting the leg slowly and allowing it to fall forward by its own gravity, a man may get on steadily for several hours, while a very slight addition to this pace may speedily exhaust him. Of course, the normal pace differs in different persons, but in all the power of endurance may be vastly augmented by the prudent outlay of muscular force."

But his legs carried him on after his guide had turned back; he crossed the Kamm alone with them, and stood wholly alone upon the peak of Monte Rosa. There

"A world of clouds and mountains lay beneath me. Switzerland, with its pomp of summits, was clear and grand; Italy was also grand, but more than half obscured. Dark cumulus and dark crag vied in savagery, while at other places white snows and white clouds held equal rivalry. The scooped valleys of Monte Rosa itself were magnificent, all gleaming in the bright sunlight—tossed and torn at intervals, and sending from their rents and walls the magical blue of the ice. Ponderous *névés* lay upon the mountains apparently motionless, but suggesting motion—sluggish, but indicating irresistible dynamic energy, which moved them slowly to their doom in the warmer valleys below. I thought of my position: it was the first time that a man had stood alone upon that wild peak, and were the imagination let loose amid the surrounding agencies, and permitted to dwell upon the perils which separated the climber from his kind, I dare say curious feelings might have been engendered. But I was prompt to quell all thoughts which might lessen my strength, or interfere with the calm application of it. Once indeed an accident made me shudder. While taking the cork from a bottle which is deposited on the top, and which contains

the names of those who have ascended the mountain, my axe slipped out of my hand, and slid some thirty feet away from me. The thought of losing it made my flesh creep, for without it descent would be utterly impossible. I regained it, and looked upon it with an affection which might be bestowed upon a living thing, for it was literally my staff of life under the circumstances. One look more over the cloud-capped mountains of Italy, and I then turned my back upon them, and commenced the descent.

"The brown crags seemed to look at me with a kind of friendly recognition, and, with a surer and firmer feeling than I possessed on ascending, I swung myself from crag to crag and from ledge to ledge with a velocity which surprised myself. I reached the summit of the Kamm, and saw the party which I had passed an hour and a half before, emerging from one of the hollows of the mountain; they had escaped from the edge which now lay between them and me. The thought of the possible loss of my axe at the summit was here forcibly revived, for without it I dared not take a single step. My first care was to anchor it firmly in the snow, so as to enable it to bear at times nearly the whole weight of my body. In some places, however, the anchor had but a loose hold; the 'cornice' to which I have already referred became granular, and the handle of the axe went through it up to the head, still, however, remaining loose. Some amount of trust had thus to be withdrawn from the staff and placed in the limbs. A curious mixture of carelessness and anxiety sometimes fills the mind on such occasions. I often caught myself humming a verse of a frivolous song, but this was mechanical, and the substratum of a man's feelings under such circumstances is real earnestness. The precipice to my left was a continual preacher of caution, and the slope to my right was hardly less impressive. I looked down the former but rarely, and sometimes descended for a considerable time without looking beyond my own footsteps. The power of a thought was illustrated on one of these occasions. I had descended with extreme slowness and caution for some time, when looking over the edge of the cornice I saw a row of pointed rocks at some distance below me. These I felt must receive me if I slipped over, and I thought how before reaching them I might so break my fall as to arrive at them unskilled. This thought enabled me to double my speed, and as long as the spiky barrier ran parallel to my track I held my staff in one hand, and contented myself with a slight pressure upon it.

"I came at length to a place where the

edge was solid ice, which rose to the level of the cornice, the latter appearing as if merely stuck against it. A groove ran between the ice and snow, and along this groove I marched until the cornice became unsafe, and I had to betake myself to the ice. The place was really perilous, but, encouraging myself by the reflection that it would not last long, I carefully and deliberately hewed steps, causing them to dip a little inward, so as to afford a purchase for the heel of my boot, never forsaking one till the next was ready, and never wielding my hatchet until my balance was secured. I was soon at the bottom of the Kamm, fairly out of danger, and, full of glad vigor, I bore swiftly down upon the party in advance of me. It was an easy task for me to fuse myself amongst them as if I had been an old acquaintance, and we joyfully slid, galloped, and rolled together down the residue of the mountain."

We have cited the whole of the passage in evidence that Professor Tyndall is no faint-hearted member of the Alpine brotherhood, and in order that we may add to it, for the

benefit of all Swiss tourists, the closing warning.

"I think it right to say one earnest word in connection with this ascent; and the more so as I believe a notion is growing prevalent that half what is said and written about the dangers of the Alps is mere humbug. No doubt exaggeration is not rare, but I would emphatically warn my readers against acting upon the supposition that it is general. The dangers of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and other mountains, are real, and, if not properly provided against, may be terrible. I have been much accustomed to be alone upon the glaciers, but sometimes, even when a guide was in front of me, I have felt an extreme longing to have a second one behind me. Less than two good ones I think an arduous climber ought not to have; and if climbing without guides were to become habitual, deplorable consequences would assuredly sooner or later ensue."

Inevitable accidents such as that may have been the other day upon the Col du Géant are sufficiently distressing. Let there be no more deaths by indiscretion.

A GREAT DAY IN THE GRAIN TRADE.—

Some formal record should be made of the grain receipts reported in our paper of yesterday. Such a cereal deluge was never before launched upon any port in the world. Our marine list yesterday, for the twenty-four hours ending at noon, recorded the arrival of 1 steamer, 6 propellers, 6 barks, 4 brigs, and 59 schooners, making a total of 76 vessels, laden with 4,867 barrels of flour, 833,965 bushels of wheat, 83,500 bushels of corn, and 2,455 bushels of barley—making a total of 949,254 bushels of grain passing our Lighthouse during the twenty-four hours. In addition to this, the same fleet brought 350,036 feet of lumber, and 27,000 staves—making an aggregate day's work unexampled in the history of lake commerce.

But the wonder of this remarkable event is in the entire ease and quiet with which this tremendous arrival was disposed of. At one time yesterday morning there was something like a jam of vessels in the creek, but it was owing rather to the gale of wind, which prevented movement in the harbor, rather than to any want of room or facilities. The gale continued during the day, and rendered it difficult to work vessels about in the harbor, and consequently comparatively little was done in the way of discharging cargoes; but the block, what there was of it, was

soon removed, and the creek and docks presented a scene active enough, but not excited.

Buyers came in freely and there was a deal of telegraphing from the eastward, under the idea that so large a quantity thrown upon the market would reduce prices. But Buffalo operators have big bellies; they refused to consider their market overstocked, and consequently transactions were not large and concessions were made by holders. There is hardly another place in the country or in the world that could have stood up so stiffly under arrivals so large. Buyers from abroad, looked on in wonder.

All this has some reason. By this time, much of this grain is pouring into canal boats and will soon be distributed all along the line of the canal, the surplus pouring into New York in divided doses, so as not to gorge the New Yorkers too suddenly. It is quite within the limits of probability that within a week Buffalo merchants will be complaining of short supply.—*Buffalo Commercial*

MR. CARLYLE'S History of the French Revolution is about to appear in a French translation. Philoxene Boxer is the name of the rash German who has committed himself to this undertaking.

From Chambers's Journal.

NELLY MACADAM.

In the beginning of the year 1798, Nelly Macadam came to live as general servant and maid-of-all-work with the Misses Campbell of Partick House. The Misses Campbell were two maiden sisters on the high-road to fifty, but in excellent preservation. Both were tall and gaunt as they had ever been, with the precise and somewhat stately manner becoming to ladies of their family; for the Misses Campbell could count relationship to the ducal house of Argyle. The reckoning, indeed, would have puzzled anybody out of Scotland; it was long and rather intricate; but the maiden sisters understood and explained the subject when occasion required; and their neighbors with one accord allowed that they were born gentlewomen. Partick House was their paternal inheritance; it had descended to them from the Campbells of Partick, whose latest scions they were; but the mansion and farm appended had been leased to a certain Captain Hardy from the north of Ireland, who, having retired on half-pay, and with a considerable number of boys and girls, rented the place, and lived there in free-and-easy style, till his girls got married, his boys got commissions under favor of the French war, and he departed this life sincerely regretted by numerous and despairing creditors. The Misses Campbell could not let their house to people of inferior rank; it was growing too old and out of fashion for modern gentry, so they removed from the Saltmarket in Glasgow, where they had occupied a third flat with great gentility for almost thirty years, and took possession of their family mansion. It was situated in a solitary hollow, a good Scotch mile from the old village of Partick, then of smaller dimensions and less resort than it is at present—a house of two low stories, with small windows and a thatched roof, built in the primitive style of Scottish manor-houses, itself forming the centre, its offices the two wings. And the interior arrangements corresponded with the external. There was a great kitchen or ha', with the indispensable dresser and wide chimney; from it opened on either side the best and the second parlor, the former having in its rear the best pantry, the latter, the Misses Campbell's bedroom; while behind the kitchen lay the dairy, the larder, and a small room thought particularly suitable for the servant-maid, as it communicated with the barn, and thence with the cow-house, so that the outdoor duties might be performed without risk of storm or snow, a consideration not to be overlooked in the west country winters. The white-washed walls and earthen floor of this chamber, its window of

minute diamond-shaped panes set in a leaden sash, its settle supplied with a chaff-bed and a tartan quilt, were esteemed suitable accommodations for a servant of a genteel family in those days.

There Nelly set up her wardrobe and her toilet—the former consisting of a stout oaken chest, wherein, besides her providing of linen, kept in store against the wedding which every woman is said to expect, was her Sunday-suit, including the Bible and psalm-book, without which, being a true Presbyterian, Nelly never went to kirk. Nelly was a Lanarkshire lass, robust, rosy, and good-humored. Her neat short-gown, plaid-petticoat, white handkerchief, and nut-brown hair, always smooth and shining, her fair face, with its pleasant, honest look, gained for Nelly the general estimate of a trig bonny lass. She might have been a rustic belle in her own class; but Nelly had been brought up a strict Cameronian, trained to avoid trysts and merry-makings. Moreover, the girl was an orphan, had no relations nearer than some Highland cousins in Argyleshire, and had been at service from her thirteenth year. The Misses Campbell had taken her from a respectable farmhouse, where she had served seven terms. It was no small promotion for Nelly, and had not been attained without a lengthy negotiation, which was at last concluded by a treaty, the special articles of which were, that she should look after the cow and her milk—the Misses Campbell kept but one crummock—make hay for her at midsummer, polish the mahogany in the best parlor once a fortnight, spin six cuts of yarn every day, and receive as wages five pounds a year. From these stipulations, it may be observed that the honor of Nelly's office somewhat exceeded its profit.

The Misses Campbell's incomings consisted of rent paid in kind for the farm attached to their house—which they had let to a wealthy neighbor, with skill and capital to till it—and also the returns of the flat in the Saltmarket, in which a Glasgow merchant had established himself as their tenant. With such revenues, it could not be expected that their housekeeping would be on a liberal scale; but ladies of good family could do with meat on Thursdays and tea on Sundays in those times. Their black satin gowns had been bought when they visited Edinburgh under the conduct of their father the major, who died before the American war, and had required no alteration for fifteen years. Moreover, they had the mahogany which Nelly was to polish; a tea-service of real china, left them by their grandmother; together with a silver teapot, which saw the light only on occasions of ex-

traordinary state, and was a cause of ceaseless anxiety to its fair possessors, on account of the covetous hands it might attract to their solitary mansion. It has also to be noted that the Misses Campbell were remarkably fine spinners; and practised their art with such good effect, that the dealers in linen-yarn throughout the country easily recognized their smooth, wiry thread, and were willing to give the best price for it. With so many helps and holdings, the Misses Campbell did not consider themselves poor. If their incomings were small, their expenses were also few. Their tenant-farm supplied them with oatmeal for the porridge, peat for the fire, and flax for spinning; the Glasgow merchant enabled them to purchase foreign luxuries in the shape of tea and sugar; and a single field which they had retained, supplied the summer grass and winter hay for Nelly's charge in the byre. The provender and the produce were equally well managed. They had their satins for Sundays, and the china and silver teapot to bring forth from the carefully locked cupboard, when they were visited by their nephew the captain.

The gentleman so called was properly a lieutenant in the preventive service. He had been what is known in Scotland as a ne'er-do-weel, in his youth. That was passed, for the nephew's age was little under his aunt's, as will sometimes happen in extensive families, and reformation or sobriety had come with his discreet days; but he was still a bachelor, able to spend more than his income and perquisites—preventive officers could boast of such things then—and impatiently waiting for the death of an uncle in Fife, who, as the captain expressed it, "kept him out of his property"—a house and farm strongly resembling the estate of the Campbells of Partick.

Life in the latter mansion was a prudent and primitive business; early to bed and early to rise were among its chief rules of action. The Misses Campbell spun in the second parlor, and Nelly in the kitchen; the elder sister, Miss Peggy, superintended the dairy, cow-house, and outdoor transactions; the younger, Miss Betty, kept a keen eye on all domestic matters, from the making of the barley-broth to the locking up of the china. There was an appointed day for the putting on of the kail-pot, another for the kirk, and no extremity of wind or weather was permitted to prevent the ladies and their servants from attending their respective kirks every Sunday. The Misses Campbell walked in all the state of beaver-hats and pattens to their parish-church, as by law established. Nelly, with no less regularity, and perhaps more fervor, repaired to an old house standing among fields, and inexpensively fitted up

as the meeting-house of a Cameronian congregation, who regarded themselves as the upholders of the Covenant; spoke of the dominant church as the indulged; and were at once proud of, and edified by, the ministrations of an earnest and laborious man, whose grandfather had suffered in the Grass-market. There was little variety, and less time to feel the want of it. Though within a short distance of the busy town of Glasgow, Partick House had an out-of-the-world position. Removed from the highway, with no neighbors nearer than half a mile, its news was gathered at kirk or market, for Miss Peggy sometimes attended the latter in the village for the purchase of mutton and like rarities. Occasionally, too, a travelling-chapman exchanged the gossip of the country for the very small purchases the Misses Campbell made. There were, besides, half-yearly visits to Glasgow, for the purpose of collecting what the ladies called their rents. But their chief source of intelligence concerning the great world was Captain Campbell, who, being stationed at Greenock, usually visited his aunts about once a quarter. His coming created a mighty sensation in that quiet household. The state bedroom—the only one in use in the second story—was opened and aired for his reception; the china was brought out, the teapot exhibited, the best parlor put in occupation; and Miss Hamilton, a maiden lady of family almost equal to their own, and with something in the Glasgow Bank, was invited from her house in Partick to take tea, and be seen home by the gallant captain, whose designs in that quarter his aunts considered very discreet. It was their fashionable season. Yet the captain's visit had a very unlucky effect. He brought them such terrible disclosures of the state of the times, how the French were overrunning the world, and would certainly invade Scotland—how the Irish were in rebellion, and the Papists were determined to extirpate the Protestants—and what villanous intentions the Radicals of Glasgow had against all loyal subjects and people of good family, that the poor sisters felt not only the silver teapot but their own lives in danger; and they kept a double watch, after the captain's departure, on the doors and windows of their solitary house, which neither chapman nor beggar was permitted to enter on any pretext.

Nelly had the smallest share of these terrors. Her work was heavier, and her slumber sounder, yet she never concluded operations for the day without seeing that the outer door of the cow-house—the most accessible point in the rear of the mansion—was securely bolted with two strong iron bars, which made it fast above and below.

Nelly as well as her employers, was most particular about this duty when the long winter nights set in. Her service at Partick House had commenced in the spring; but the spring had worn into summer, and the summer into harvest, the hay had been made and gathered in, the dairy duties had been done to Miss Peggy's satisfaction, Miss Betty was well pleased with her polishing the mahogany, and her execution of the six cuts, and she had been re-engaged at the November term. The captain paid one of his alarming visits about a month after. He came in the middle of the week, remained till Saturday, and promised to return on the following Friday, as particular business called him to Edinburgh; but never were the captain's tales more full of terror, and he specially dwelt on the number of Irish rebels who had come over to Scotland, partly to avoid the vengeance of the government, and partly to combine with the Radicals in their wicked designs.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, "that some of them would be lurking about here: it's a lonely place. Take my advice: if you see any suspicious-looking man, disguised like, and as if in hiding, send word quietly to Major Stuart, in Partick, and he'll send some of his soldiers to look after him."

It was a troubled time; the towns were full of party agitation, the contentions of the Whigs and Tories embroiled the rural districts, and were heard at fair and market; the government was jealous of every movement in the direction of reform; its agents and spies were on the look-out in every corner; companies of soldiers were stationed in every village; and quiet timid people like the Misses Campbell knew not what to fear. Nelly's mind was full of these matters when she retired to rest on the Sunday night after the captain's departure. Her minister had made serious and almost prophetic reflections on the times; her neighbors had given her scraps of alarming intelligence from the *Glasgow Post*; and the night had set in with a fearful storm from the north-west, accompanied with sleet and snow. The doors were all safely barred. Nelly had said her prayers, not without a sincere thanksgiving that she had rest and shelter in such a night; but the blasts which shook the whole house, and drove volumes of snow against her window, would not let the poor girl sleep. At last there was a temporary lull, and a dreamy sense of slumber was stealing over her, when she was startled broad awake by something like a suppressed groan. Nelly raised herself, and listened. It was not the wind moaning in the chimneys, for she heard it again, and at the same time, a low rustling among the hay, which convinced her there

was something in the barn. In common with all the peasantry of Scotland, Nelly had heard a good deal about ghaists and bogles. She remembered that the cow-house door, by which alone entrance could be effected to the barn, had been barred for hours, yet she could distinctly hear a sound of steps and movements beyond the partition, and the groans became louder. Nelly was a brave girl, and had a good conscience. Whatever might be there, she resolved to see it. There was a rushlight in the kitchen; and having lighted it at the embers, carefully covered with the peat-ashes for the next day's fire, she solemnly commended herself to the protection of Providence, threw on the readiest of her garments, and stepped into the barn with the cold sweat hanging on her brow. All seemed dark and silent there; but on closer examination, a heap of hay in the further corner was not exactly as she had left it; and as she approached nearer, Nelly's eye caught the dim outline of a man's figure, stretched at his length, and half concealed between the hay and the wall. Nelly knew that was no ghaist, but it might be a robber in search of the silver teapot. There was no use in giving the alarm; the Misses Campbell would be much more terrified than herself; no neighbor could hear their united shrieks; and how many more men might be in the barn! While these thoughts passed through her mind, Nelly became aware that the man had fixed his eyes on her, and was rising, but so slowly, that something must be wrong with him.

"Make no noise, and don't be afraid," he said; and his voice sounded so low and feeble, that Nelly felt there was little danger to be apprehended from him. "Come near, and let me speak to you, I mean no harm to the house, nor anybody in it, but I have nowhere else to go from the fearful storm, and have crept in here. Will you let me stay till the morning?"

"For Gude's sake, sir, what's the matter wi' ye?" said Nelly, for she now perceived that the man, who was sitting half up, had the dress and appearance of a gentleman, though his clothes were dust and weather soiled. Nelly also saw that he was young and handsome; but his black hair, which he wore without queue or powder, lay in wet masses about the face, which want or sickness had made ghastly pale.

"You're a good girl, I think, and won't betray me," he said, after a long look at her—"so I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm hiding for my life. I was one of the United Irishmen, and the government have set a price upon my head. I got over to Glasgow in a fishing-smack from Lough Foyle, thinking to be safe there, but the informers are on

my track. I have been hiding for a fortnight past in the woods and moors; and for fear of dying with cold, I crept in here. I happen to know the house, for a friend of my father's once lived in it. Will you befriend me? and God will reward you, if I never can."

There was a mighty conflict between fear and charity in Nelly's mind. Here was one of the Irish rebels, of whom the captain had told such terrible tales. Who knew what confederates he might have ready to murder the household in their beds, and carry off the silver tespot! Yet his drenched, torn clothes, and look of want and suffering, went to the woman's heart, and she answered: "Deed, sir, if ye had any better friends to go till, I would advise you no to stay here; there might be government men comin' about the place, and I dinna think ye could be hidden."

"Well, my girl," said the stranger, evidently guessing with whom he had to deal, "there are two hundred pounds reward for my apprehension; you may get it by betraying me."

"I ne'er heard that the price o' blood profited any that got it, and I dinna want the like; but I'm sorry for you, sir, and the night's fearful'. If you would just come up to this corner, I'll gie ye aye of my blankets, and cover ye up till the morn."

"God bless you, my girl!" said the stranger, moving up to the appointed corner; and Nelly saw that he was tall as well as handsome, but so faint that he could scarcely stand. "For charity's sake, will you give me something to eat? I have tasted nothing for the last two days." Nelly hesitated for a minute. There was little left from under lock and key in that economical house; some cold porridge, indeed, remained on the dresser; it was not hers to give; but the man was starving. He joyfully accepted the offer; and when she stole out to the kitchen, and brought him a portion, small enough not to be missed by Miss Betty, the relish with which he despatched that unsavory morsel, convinced the sensible girl that she had done no wrong. Her next operation was to bring a blanket from her own bed, cover up the stranger with it, and an extra layer of hay. "Now, sir," said she, "tak a guid sleep, and the Lord hae a care o' baith you and me. I'll let you out early. But you didna tell me how you got in!"

"When the cow-house door was open, before daylight fell," said the worn-out man; but his tones were already mingled with the heavy breathings of sleep; and after a careful look round the barn, to see that all was safe, Nelly retired to her own chamber. The

storm had abated, but it was long before she could compose herself to sleep, though now pretty sure that there was no danger to the family or the silver teapot to be apprehended from the stranger. She knew the Misses Campbell well enough to be aware that his concealment in the barn would bring down their deadly displeasure on her. No protestations would ever persuade them that she had not given him admittance, and there also lay risk and peril to the good name which Nelly valued as the jewel of her poverty. She prayed fervently for direction in this great strait, and having thus resigned her troubles to Providence, the honest girl slept soundly till daybreak.

At earliest dawn she was once more in the barn to wake the stranger, and send him in search of another hiding-place. But the snow was still lying some two feet deep; the wind still blew keenly from the north-west: the day was struggling faintly through a grim and murky sky; and the man slept so soundly and looked so tired, that Nelly had not the heart to wake him. Where could he go in such weather, and what would become of him? All fears and reckonings of the previous night again came over her, but she could not turn him out. The more she thought and prayed on the subject, according to her pious custom, the more was Nelly convinced that her duty, however difficult and dangerous, was to allow him to remain. Having reached this conviction, Nelly took measures for his concealment from the inspecting eyes of Miss Peggy. There was a stack of straw at the further end of the barn; Nelly had built it with her own hands; and out of the side next the wall she drew out as many large sheaves as left a hiding-place for her uninvited guest, the entrance being protected by sundry large bundles of flax piled up for the winter's spinning.

"Creep in here, sir," she said, after rousing him with a considerable shake. "Miss Peggy'll be comin' to look after me and the cow; ye can lie here till the snaw an' the informers gang their ways."

The sound sleep and the cold porridge had done wonders for the unlucky man; his strength seemed partially restored, and his gratitude to Nelly was boundless. He joyfully accepted the shelter offered him in the straw-stack, and explained to her that if he could remain concealed till the search after him subsided, it was his hope to get off in one of the American ships then lying at Glasgow, the captain of which was his friend.

"Weel, sir," said Nelly, "I'll do what I can to hide you. For your-ain sake, I'll warn you to keep quiet. You'll get the biggest half o' a' my meals; I canna steal, you

ken; and as rebellion has brought you to a' this strait, I hope you'll get grace to repent, and live the rest o' your days a loyal subject to your king, and mair particularly to the King Eternal."

It was Providence, in Nelly's opinion, that kept Miss Peggy so much out of the barn and byre that week; the weather was cold, and the ladies had by this time a considerable confidence in their maid. The days passed with variations of frost and thaw. Nelly made the porridge, and milked the cow, and spun her six cuts, as if she had no secret in the barn to keep; but her compact regarding the biggest half of her meals was religiously kept. The stranger grew stronger day by day. The warning to keep quiet never had to be repeated, for he knew his danger, and only crept out after dark, when all was shut up, to walk in the barn by moonlight, for Nelly would allow him no other illumination. She sat up, however, to mend his torn clothes; gave him all the shawls and blankets she could spare; lent him her Bible and Psalm book, to read in his solitude; and occasionally gave him sound, though very short lectures on the necessity of amending his ways. As most men in similar circumstances would do, he promised all sorts of reformation, and gave Nelly abundant thanks. At length, in the fervor, he said: "Nelly, I am a gentleman's son, and if I ever recover my position, I promise to marry you!"

"Deed, sir, you'll promise na sic thing," said Nelly. "Promises made in danger are seldom weel kept; and maybe you would be na great bargain for an honest lass. But I'll aye be glad to hear o' your weel doin'."

The Misses Campbell were beginning to wonder why Nelly looked so white and hungry like, when their nephew the captain returned from his business in Edinburgh. He had stayed a week longer than he intended, and brought a large supply of news concerning the times. He was relating part of it as Nelly waited at breakfast next morning, and entered into full particulars regarding a young man named Gordon Grey, the son of a gentleman of property near Belfast, who had joined the rebels in spite of his family, and after obtaining an ensign's commission. "There is two hundred pounds reward for his apprehension," said the captain, "and the search was hot after him about Glasgow. He was some sort of a cousin to your former tenant old Hardy; that is what made him hide in the west country, I suppose; but they think he has gone over to Fife now."

While the Misses Campbell were giving utterance to their fervent hopes that Grey, with all other rebels, might be taken and

brought to justice, Nelly almost danced for joy beside the kitchen fire. She knew he was the man in the barn, and the search about Glasgow was over. The stormy weather had settled into a hard, clear frost; two hours before day next morning, the stranger had eaten the last of her porridge, saved over night for his supply; and disguised in a complete suit of her every-day clothes, short-gown, tartan shawl, and cap, in which Nelly said he looked "unco weel," he unbarred the cow-house door for his own exit, heartily shook hands with his most hospitable hostess, made protestations of everlasting gratitude and remembrance—which she cut short with an admonition to "get till America," and let her hear of his "weel doin'"—and departed on his way to Glasgow. A passing chapman, three days later, told Nelly that a sailor bade him say her cousin was safe down the Clyde, and would no doubt land in New York.

Nelly's thanksgiving for that deliverance was often renewed; but time passed away, summers and winters went and came, still finding her in the genteel service of the Misses Campbell. The captain's news passed from rebels and Radicals to the battles and sieges of the great French war. It was becoming Nelly's belief that the man who had promised so much would never be heard of more. The thought was not to her satisfaction; she had not forgotten the perilous days and the restless nights which his safety cost her; perhaps the handsome young man was in her memory too; but what better could be expected from an Irishman and a rebel? She was musing over the subject at her wheel one day, when a neighbor's son called to tell her that the postmaster at Partick had an American letter for her. The Misses Campbell had never been more interested in any of their nephew's tales than they were in that startling event. But when Nelly had gone for the letter, duly read and considered it, she informed them it was from her lad, and he was "doin' weel." The household was kept lively from month to month with those American letters to Nelly, till at length one came with a bank order in it, and she announced her determination to "gang out in the *Fair Nancy*," then plying between Glasgow and New York, "and tak her lad, for he could na weel come for her."

The Misses Campbell were not reconciled to parting with their faithful servant till the good souls learned, by a special disclosure, that Nelly's lad was a gentleman born, "but had been left a wee to himself." Nelly got ready, sailed in the *Fair Nancy*, and arrived safely; but the letter which announced that fact to the ladies she had served with so

much credit, also contained the wedding-cards of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grey. Till the end of their days, it puzzled the Misses Campbell and their nephew to account for the fact; but when both sisters were gone, and the captain was an old man living on his Fife property—when Partick House was pulled down, after falling into great dilapidation, to make room for a newer mansion—when times were changed, and the strife was over abroad and at home, Gordon Grey,

Esquire, and family returned to their paternal estate near Belfast, and repaid the clemency of government by leading a quiet and useful life. Mr. Grey and his lady lived to be an aged pair, and see their children settled about them. They are still remembered with equal respect in the neighborhood, which owes to them many local improvements; and its old people are partial to rehearsing the singular history of Nelly Macadam.

A LETTER FROM TOM HOOD.—“My dear Jeanie,—So you are at Sandgate? Of course, wishing for your old playfellow, M. H. (he can play—it's work to me), to help you to make little puddles in the sand, and swing on the gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough—so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer. If you catch a big one with strong claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry. The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water parties, or salt *soirées*. There were star fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations. I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weed. The truth is, Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and has a garden full of weeds like Dr. Watts' sluggard. I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care, for if you stay under water too long you may come up a mermaid, which is only half a lady with a fish's tail—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your doll, whether it turns her into half a 'doll-fish.' I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet all over it, and wait for it to calm, it will be quite smooth, much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then

plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets, or with hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls,' but they don't mind it. Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a doctor, that he might bring you a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor-brother, and who blubbered because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea-stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet—and we can always keep sucking them! When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told with a good glass you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea can't see you. Now I must say good-by, for my paper gets short, and not stouter. Pray give my love to your ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H., and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your affectionate friend, THOS. HOOD.

MESSRS. EDMONSTONE & DOUGLAS, Edinburgh, are preparing for publication, “The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland,” by Mr. George Seton, advocate, author of “History of the Parochial Records of Scotland.”

MR. JOHN D'ALTON is preparing for publication a “Historical Account of the most Ancient Families of Ireland, members of which held commissions in King James' service in the War of the Revolution.” The work will be published by subscription.

REV. DR. TYNG's volume on Sunday schools is to be reprinted in Edinburgh.

HOW TO WRITE A KING'S SPEECH.

THE king's speech was a very important consideration both for the crown and the cabinet. The policy of resistance and liberty, of independence and peace, attempted from the day following the Revolution and energetically carried on by M. Casimir Périer, was therein to be openly avowed, in the name of all the different shades of opinion now united round the throne to constitute the government. The duty of preparing the speech was committed to me.

This task has nearly always fallen to my lot in the various cabinets of which I have been a member. A task difficult in itself, for few things can be more so than to sum up in a few sentences, at once general and precise, and significant without being compromising, the position and policy of a government suddenly formed, and in the midst of action. A still greater difficulty lies in delivering through the royal mouth the sentiments of the king and his adviser, in consistence with the dignity and true intent of both, and in throwing aside all differences that may exist between them, so as to exhibit nothing but the harmonious operation of the power they exercise in common. Notwithstanding its embarrassments, and precisely on that account, this ordeal, which the constitutional system imposes periodically on the prince and his ministers, is sound and salutary. It reminds them on a fixed and solemn day of their mutual relations, and of the necessity they are under of showing themselves united, and of speaking and acting in mutual accordance. There is, in this public manifestation of the whole government before the country, a due homage rendered to the position occupied by royalty, and a guarantee for the influence of the country in the counsels of the sovereign. There is much in being compelled to appear what it is desirable that we should be in effect. Inevitable publicity often determines good conduct, and prevents many more faults than it reveals.

In November, 1832, this obligation had nothing in it of an embarrassing nature, either for King Louis-Philippe or his advisers. They were perfectly agreed upon general maxims of policy, and upon the course to adopt on the particular questions under consideration. Neither the king nor

his ministers entertained any exorbitant pretensions or jealous susceptibilities which might tend to impede their intercourse. The cabinet assembled sometimes at the residence of Marshall Soult, their president; at others, at the Tuileries, round the king, according to the nature and state of the affairs in debate. At all these meetings there was free liberty of discussion without restraint, for there were few objections to surmount. The preparation of the royal speech, therefore, presented no serious difficulty on the substance of the policy to be adopted. There remained only the obligation, always delicate, of a perfect understanding between the king and his ministers, upon the measure, compatibilities, and coloring of the language which, with reference to the orders of the day, it was necessary to hold before Europe in the name of France; and before France in the name of the government. Before submitting it to the collected cabinet, it was between the king and myself that this difficulty had to be discussed; and here I found my task a laborious one. Not only did King Louis-Philippe meditate profoundly on his royal duties and the affairs of the country, but he possessed, moreover, a singularly fertile mind, quick in apprehension, animated, and flexible; every idea and impression exercised over him, at the first moment, a predominant influence. Clear-sighted and judicious in the end he proposed to reach when speaking, he did not always foresee correctly the effect of his words upon the public to whom they were addressed, and almost exclusively occupied himself with satisfying his own idea, to which he often attached more importance than it really possessed. I submitted to him my draft of the speech in the beginning of November, and during a fortnight, upon every paragraph, and nearly upon every word, we held discussions, incessantly abandoned and renewed, as fresh resolutions or doubts arose to contravene the decision of the preceding eve. I received daily, and often several times in a morning, little notes from the king, in which he transmitted to me the results of this perpetual fluctuation of his mind, and thus compelled me to reconstruct my own plan. Through a natural respect for monarchy, and also in the conviction that the definitive

result would be advantageous, I submitted with a good grace to this long controversy, often upon insignificant points, although sufficiently animated. My expectation was not deceived. On reading over, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, and as in a chapter of ancient history, this opening speech of the session of 1832, I find it worthy of the ra-

tional government of a free people, and unless I beguile myself, all impartial judges would even to-day receive from it the same impression.

As soon as the king and myself had nearly agreed, the Cabinet, to which I had imparted regularly our little debates, adopted the speech at once, with some trifling modifications.—*Guizot's Memories.*

THE MCCARTHY COTTON GIN AND SEA ISLAND COTTON.—We believe the first McCarthy cotton gin ever put in operation on this island is the one erected a few days ago by Mr. Bulkley, on his farm, about seven miles to the west of this city. In company with some friends we yesterday went to see it at work. Mr. Bulkley has his crop both of last year and this year to gin, having cultivated some twenty acres in Sea Island cotton, and he has hitherto had no means of ginning it. We found he had procured one of a new manufacture of horse-power machines to run the gin. This horse-power was quite as much a novelty to us as the gin itself, and we cannot too earnestly recommend it to those of our planters who have no steam engine, for we consider it by far the best substitute for steam we have yet seen. We cannot undertake to describe this power, but we have never before seen so perfect an arrangement for avoiding friction.

But the gin was the chief object of our inquiry, and we took some pains to satisfy ourselves of its successful operation. It has doubtless been seen by many of our readers, and to those who have not seen it we need only say that it separates the cotton from the seed in the most complete manner.

But the fact that this gin is now almost invariably used for ginning Sea Island cotton, is sufficient to demonstrate its superiority over every other machine that has ever been invented for that purpose. The cotton is taken from the seed without apparently breaking the staple at all, and then passes out between two rollers, presenting the appearance of a thin cotton baton, the width being equal to the length of the rollers, or some four feet wide, and as it comes out it rolls out like a fleece of wool. In this respect it is a perfect contrast to the saw gin, for while the latter fills the air with dust and fine particles of cotton, the former causes no dust whatever.

The horse-power was worked by two small mules. While they were at a moderate walk we timed the speed of the gin, and found that it ginned at the rate of three hundred pounds of lint, or one thousand pounds of seed cotton, per working day of ten hours.

The lack of sufficient speed is the only objection we can see to this gin; but the superior value of this cotton renders this objection of less moment, and makes the actual value of its work more nearly approximate that of the common gin.

As Mr. Bulkley has just commenced ginning, we have no means as yet of knowing how his crop of this year will turn out. His hands are now picking, and will continue to do so till frost, as the cotton is blooming, bolling, and opening all the time. It is worthy of remark that the present crop had no rain from about the 20th of April till near the 20th of August, a period of near four months; and yet, though the staple has evidently been made shorter by the drought, yet it is certainly a very beautiful article, as it comes from this McCarthy gin.

The staple of last year's crop is longer by probably half an inch.

We learn that Judge Wm. J. Jones, at Virginia Point, has one of McCarthy's gins, as also Mrs. Morris, of Clear Creek; and there are probably two or three others further west.

In conclusion, we will say that we consider the successful performance of this gin as removing the only doubt we have had of raising Sea Island cotton profitably on or near the coast of Texas. We now entertain no question that this crop will soon become the chief staple of our island and the lands bordering on the bays, for ten or fifteen miles towards the interior.—*Galveston News, Sept. 13.*

THE MESSRS. LONGMAN will publish in October a new work entitled "Dædalus, or the Causes and Principles of the Excellence of Greek Sculpture," by Mr. Edward Falkener, member of the Academy of Bologna, and of the Archæological Institutes of Rome and Berlin. At the same time will appear a new edition of the "Museum of Classical Antiquities," containing a series of thirty-five essays on ancient art, by various writers, edited by Mr. Falkener, and like "Dædalus," amply illustrated.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Sept.
THE IMPERIAL PROGRESS.

THE French official who told the emperor that it was to be regretted, for the sake of the harvest, that he had not come a fortnight earlier, condensed into one brilliant sentence the spirit of all the addresses which have been presented during the imperial progress. It is needless to criticise the rest. They are all labored attempts to do, in a series of monkeyish paragraphs, that which the genius of the gifted individual has done by one happy stroke. If these are not the depths of human degradation, where are the depths of human degradation to be found? This is the sort of exhibition that brings people to their senses. You may frame for yourself theories of an enlightened despotism, if you can only clear your heart of the spirit of a man and your head of the lessons of experience. Theories of enlightened despotism were framed in abundance before the accession of the First Napoleon, and it was incontestably proved, then as now, that the new and improved tyranny could not possibly be tyrannical, and especially that it would never waste the blood and money of a people in unjustifiable wars. Fine reasons for abandoning arduous efforts and betraying the interests of posterity are never very difficult to invent. No doubt the Israelites convinced themselves in the clearest manner, that common sense, and duty itself, if rightly understood, required them to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. But foul and grovelling adulation is a thing for which it is not very easy to make a good theoretic defence. It appeals to the sense like the taste of a bad egg or the odor of a fetid drain. We should like to see one of our imperialist contemporaries deal with this phenomenon. It would be a task worthy of their ingenuity. There are a few Englishmen, or, at least, there were a short time since, ready to recognize the supremacy of France as the moral head of European civilization, and to turn the world into a kind of galvanized Roman empire, with Paris for the centre instead of Rome. Is this the sort of moral perfection to which the ascendancy of French intellect is to bring man? In seriousness, here is a lesson which ought not to be read in vain. It is the duty of the whole world, not from rivalry, but in the general interest of humanity, when a nation is so utterly

fallen, to keep its influence strictly within bounds, and to prevent its moral degradation from being propagated by its aggressive arms. Wherever the armies of France meet those of a free people, or even of a less demoralizing despotism, there is a Thermopylae. Fortunately, it is the tendency of Persian institutions ultimately to reduce even the military spirit of a nation to a level with that of the hosts of Xerxes.

The image of the Roman empire naturally rises in every mind at the spectacle of this self-abasement. The comparison is deeply true. The sycophancy of the French empire, like that of the Roman, differs widely from the coarse and primitive adulation of the east. To the oriental, a despotic government is as absolute a necessity as a leader to a herd of animals; and the fawning of the subject upon his sultan or emperor is a function of his political nature which excites comparatively little disgust. Who is revolted when the title of brother of the sun and moon is given by prostrate mandarins to the emperor of China? These slaves have never known what it is to be free. The Roman had known freedom. The Frenchman has known it in a still higher, greater degree. The Roman in some measure, the Frenchman in a greater measure, had seen the majesty of European law before sinking into an Oriental subjection to arbitrary will. The abasement of the Roman, therefore, was greater and more revolting than that of the Oriental; that of the Frenchman is greater and more revolting than that of the Roman. The servility of the apostate goes deeper into the heart and expresses itself in ranker flattery. He is not only fawning on despotism, but trampling vindictively on the liberty of which he has proved himself unworthy, and which has therefore deserted him. It is in politics as it is in religion. The hatred of religious freedom, the prostration of the soul before authority is faint and imperfect in the old Roman Catholic; it is in the convert that it reaches the full pitch of delirious exaltation. The Roman despotism was at least as much disguised under the forms of liberty, and offered in that respect at least as much excuse for apostates from liberty, as the French. There are some in whose eyes sycophancy ceases to be sycophancy if it is offered to an usurper, not to an hereditary king. The ukase called the French Constitution pro-

nounces that the French despotism is hereditary; and the emperor, with divine authority over the future, promises that under "his dynasty" France shall never degenerate. The Roman despotism was not, in theory, hereditary. Some homage was necessary to Roman self-respect even in its decline. The eunuchs of the imperial palace alone could have been induced to say—though no Roman emperor in his sound mind would have permitted them to say—that the infant son of the despot was "our sole hope for the future."

There is another element of repulsiveness in French servility which is wanting in the Oriental, and was wanting in the Roman. The prostration of the Roman Catholic Church at the feet of immoral power is, we apprehend, quite without a parallel in the annals of the world. Time was when the Roman Catholic Church, if it was not true, was at least august—when it aspired to stand by itself as an independent spiritual empire, when it founded its throne upon the basis of moral allegiance, when it treated the powers of the world as its liegemen not as its protectors, and proudly contrasted its own divine origin with the origin of temporal dynasties, the offspring of violence and fraud. These lofty pretensions, indeed, have long since been buried in the grave of Hildebrand. From the time of the Reformation, the enfeebled and endangered Church of the Middle Ages has been compelled to cast herself upon the protection of the great Catholic monarchies, and, as the price of that protection, to become their political tool. She has consented to annoint their tyranny with the oil of her benediction, provided they would use the sword and the rack to preserve her from the fell approach of truth. It was humiliating and fatal to her as a spiritual power. Yet it was not the lowest depth of humiliation. Charles V., Philip II., Ferdinand II., Charles IX., were at least sincere Catholics; and the Church might assert with some truth that, in employing their assistance, she was employing the assistance of her true sons. But now, in the last agony of her dissolution, she stoops to drink a cup of fouler shame. It is at the feet of Atheism that she now casts herself, imploring it to use her as the tool of its ambition, and promising in return her devoted, her abject service. The sycophant bishops of France

and Savoy know right well that "the eldest son of the Church," the "heir of Charlemagne," the pope's "dear son in Jesus," laughs in his sleeve whenever, for the purposes of his policy, he professes devotion to the head of the Church, whenever he talks of Christianity, whenever he talks of God. They know right well that when M. de Persigny bows in public adoration to the Virgin, he would just as soon be bowing to an Indian idol or an African fetish. That power which once affected to soar above all national interests and prejudices, to be the arbitress and peacemaker of all nations, the Church, not of one country but of all, now miserably struggles to win back the world, whose spiritual allegiance she has lost, by enlisting in her cause, and pampering with her unctuous flattery the military vanity of the most irreligious of nations. The Virgin becomes "Our Lady of the Victories" of France. The favor of the emperor is solicited by a bishop for his patron saint, Francois de Sales, on the ground that the heart of that holy man was "so sweet and so French." A saint of the Church claims the patronage of the "gloomy sporting man," as having been an early friend to French annexation. A Roman augur or flamen prostituted what he could, but he had no Christianity to prostitute. And the ecclesiastics that do these things wipe their mouths and charge the Church of England with being Erastian! They would have been too happy to canonize George IV., if he would have turned a mock papist. The Bourbons themselves do not die more ignobly than the Church which once was Christendom.

The Roman empire was not without men whose morality refused to accept the verdict of success, and who persecuted, decimated, excluded from public life, cherished in their privacy the traditions of a nobler age, and sought an indemnity for the loss of political action in the cultivation of the stoic philosophy and the improvement of the Roman law. In this happier respect, also, the French empire has hitherto presented a parallel to the Roman. The men who were illustrious as statesmen and publicists under the constitutional monarchy, have hitherto stood aloof from the contamination of the sensualist despotism, and steadily resisted all the allurements and blandishments of a government anxious to give itself a color of re-

spectability in the eyes of a nation which but yesterday was free. These men have even, like their Roman prototypes, grown greater and purer in their adversity than they were in their prosperous hour. But an unexpected and deplorable desertion from their ranks has just occurred. The speech which announces the apostasy of M. Michel Chevalier will cause a pang to all the most generous hearts in France. He falls, it is true, under the influence of no vulgar motive. Lucre he would have spurned; and he has probably a soul above those bribes to personal vanity which despots call honors. He is seduced by the sun of imperial favor shining, not on himself, but on his favorite principle of free-trade. In the intoxication of his feelings, it did not occur to him that the liberty of opinion, by which all great principles are discovered and recognized, and through which they make their way, is far more pre-

cious than the artificial triumph of any one of them. It did not occur to him that truth of any kind is dishonored, and that its cause is not advanced but injured, when it condescends to owe its ascendancy to any power but its own. He has convinced an emperor, and every thing else is forgotten. We may well pardon his weakness of head for the sake of his truly benevolent heart. And yet, is it certain that he has convinced an emperor? In the address of the Council-General of the Haute Saône, we read, "Your majesty has affirmed by new means the ancient commercial policy of France, and proclaimed by facts, that if you desired that our policy should be *prudently progressive*, you desired also that it should remain *really, steadily protective*." The italics are those of the council themselves. Was this address seen and approved by authority before it was delivered? If so, poor M. Michel Chevalier!

DEATH OF REMBRANDT PEALE.—The decease of this venerable artist, which occurred at his residence in Philadelphia on the morning of the 4th inst., will create more sorrow than surprise. Mr. Peale had already passed the allotted term of human life, having reached his eighty-third year on the twenty-second of last February. A few months ago he received a serious accident while in Connecticut, and was obliged to remain for some time in Stonington, where, by kind attention, he recovered sufficiently to return home. He was taken ill last Tuesday night with hydro-pericardium, or dropsy on the heart, and died at half-past six o'clock Thursday morning.

Mr. Peale belonged to a family of artists, and was the son of Charles Wilson Peale, of the old Peale's Museum of Philadelphia, a branch of which occupied a building on Broadway, opposite the Park. The large collection of portraits now in Barnum's establishment was formed by this Mr. C. W. Peale. The building in Philadelphia—near the site of the Continental Hotel—was burned down several years since, and the principal contents of Peale's Museum of this city were long ago transferred to Mr. Barnum.

Rembrandt Peale was born at the time when Washington was at Valley Forge, and learned his profession in his father's studio at Philadelphia, for Peale père was a painter as well as a showman, and had painted several portraits of Washington, who, in 1795, sat three times to the son Rembrandt, then but seventeen years old. The young artist was much frightened, but the study of Washington's head he then

made served as the basis for his future portraits of this subject. He subsequently painted therefrom a picture which, in 1832, was purchased for two thousand dollars by the government, and placed in the United States senate chamber. Peale continued almost to the time of his death to paint pictures of various kinds, portraits, landscapes, and compositions. One of the most remarkable is his "Court of Death," a huge allegory on canvas, which has been extensively copied in engravings, and was recently exhibited in this country, Mr. Colton, the exhibitor, having, it is said, paid the artist twenty thousand dollars for it. Some two years ago, when Mr. Peale was eighty years of age, he made a copy of his Washington portrait, and this, we believe, was his last artistic labor. Quite recently he delivered in Philadelphia a lecture upon the various portraits, by Stuart and others, of Washington.

Mr. Peale's early acquaintance with the leading men at the seat of government made him widely known, and ensured for his artistic ability a large patronage and remuneration. He enjoyed here a position as similar to that of a "court painter" abroad as could exist under our form of government. He loved his art, but found time to devote some attention to literature, and in 1839 published the "Portfolio of an Artist," consisting of selections from various authors in art matters. He also wrote some fair poetry. His later life was passed in unusual quietude, surrounded by numerous personal friends and a large family. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, children, and grandchildren.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From The Press, 15 Sept.

ALP-CLIMBING AND ITS PERILS.

At a time when "Excelsior" seems to have been the chosen motto of the flower of our English youth, the discussions on the perils of the "Hautes Alpes" which have lately found their way so extensively into the public prints will not have been without their value. Numbers of our countrymen are now inhaling the fresh breezes of the Riffelberg or the Wengern Alp, or even flattering themselves that they are wooing successfully health and vigor in the stifling valleys of Interlachen, Chamounix, and Zermatt. Thanks to Albert Smith and the Alpine Club, Switzerland has become all the rage with those who have time and money at their disposal. The whole country is periodically fertilized by the streams of a very Pætolus of English gold. It is true that, territorially, Savoy has recently become a part of France; but for all practical purposes a large district of her new acquisition is little more than a province of Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon strides over the mountains of Savoy, the undoubted master of the situation. His sturdy form is the prominent object at the door of every hotel and upon the deck of every steamboat. He is thoroughly at home in a country where his supremacy is as unquestioned a *fait accompli* as in Hindostan itself, and where a nation which has not produced a single eminent mountaineer since the time of Saussure is compelled, per force, to play the second fiddle.

It is impossible, however, to deny that with the virtues of a dominant race have been mixed up a large measure of the insouciance and temerity which are all but inseparable from a self-consciousness of superiority. As might be anticipated, too, such attributes are apt to be developed in an inverse ratio to the other claims upon our respect displayed by their possessors. It is not the tried athlete of the Alpine Club who is discovered in a hobble, or who is found to have urged his guides beyond the point where daring ends and downright recklessness begins. In this, as in all other similar cases, experience only tends to quicken the appreciation of dangers which escape altogether the notice of the tyro. To the practised mountaineer the falling barometer or the distant clouds are fraught with terrors

to which the raw lad fresh from Oxford or the counting-house is a stranger. The one is well aware that a mountain may be accessible to any stripling to-day which to-morrow would tax heavily the powers of the best guide in the Oberland, and the next day would be wholly unassailable by any one. No really experienced Alpine traveller ever exposes himself to the dangers of an avalanche, or faces a single "bergschrund" which can be avoided, until he has ascertained that there is but a choice of evils. Above all, he will hesitate to trust implicitly to his own judgment when opposed to that of men who have grown gray in the service of successive generations of explorers.

We have been led into this train of reflections by the series of catastrophes which have of late sullied the fair fame of the guides of Switzerland. We speak from experience when we say that until within the last two seasons one solitary incident on the Grindelwald glacier alone marred the long list of expeditions accomplished without loss of life or limb since the time of the monster accident upon Mont Blanc some twenty-five years ago. To such a pitch of perfection had precautionary measures been carried, that the descent of an avalanche over a new track, or an unforeseen change in the weather, were supposed to be the only contingencies against which it was impossible to provide. It is remarkable enough that to the neglect of the time-honored rules are to be attributed, humanly speaking, both the accidents which have had so fatal a termination. The first canon of pedestrianism upon the ice-fields consisted in the constant use of the rope upon slopes of snow even of a moderate declivity, or in the vicinity of hidden crevasses. A second and hardly less important law demanded that guides and travellers should alike be attached to the chain. To the observance of these two precautions was due, about eight years ago, the safety of at least two English travellers upon a precisely similar slope to that on the south side of the Col du Géant which consigned our three unfortunate countrymen to a sudden end. The ice-wall of the Strahleck had been successfully surmounted when the proposal was made to abandon the rope for the sake of greater expedition. Most fortunately it was negatived by the two guides, and to their ob-

jections may be attributed the arrest upon the brink of a precipice of the two hindermost travellers. It was the absence of similar caution on the part of his guides which compelled the abandonment last year of an unfortunate Russian to his fate on the glaciers which stream down from Monte Rosa.

We cordially agree with Professor Tyndall that in both these cases the loss of life lies exclusively at the door of the guides. A writer in one of our contemporaries has endeavored, under the well-known signature of "Common Sense," to cast ridicule upon his strictures, and to throw the blame upon the travellers themselves. We freely grant that there are Englishmen to be found who are both obstinate and foolhardy enough to try the patience of any one. But such individuals are not the rule but the exceptions. At Chamounix, in particular, the power of the guides is all but despotic over their employers. In more than one other district an excursion if prosecuted in opposition to their advice must be undertaken alone. It is simple nonsense to attempt to draw a parallel between expeditions which have by long experience been reduced to a system, and those which are actuated by a mere thirst for danger or notoriety. The enormous pay and liberal provisions "de voyage" which are exacted from the aspiring Englishman have as their equivalent the degree of risk which is shared alike by guides and travellers. This, we regret to say, was deliberately shirked by the rope being held by the former instead of fastened round their waists. The use of the all-important alpenstock was thus entirely precluded, and the downward progress continued until the guides let go. To his honor be it spoken, one, and one alone, proved faithful to his trust, and perished in a vain attempt to avert the consequences of the

error which he had been led to commit. But his devotion serves only to bring out into stronger relief the misbehavior of those who, whatever may be their private qualifications, should assuredly never again be permitted to discharge the important public function of guides.

We have felt it only right to make these remarks upon a subject which is becoming daily more interesting to many of our readers. Those who know how absorbing is the love of adventure will not wonder at the strange attractions with which imagination invests a "virgin peak" or the ramifications of an untrodden glacier. The indomitable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race finds its appropriate vent in the discovery of new and unsuspected passes, and in the accomplishment of such feats as the ascent of mountains hitherto deemed inaccessible. Of all the better known Swiss mountains the summit of the Matterhorn alone has hitherto been untrodden by the step of man. Even the stupendous terraces of that mighty pile were within an ace of losing their character for inaccessibility during the present season. Achievements such as these must be measured, not by the insignificance of the results attained, but by the magnitude of the qualities required to attain them. It was the boast of the "Iron Duke" that all his best officers were made in the hunting-field. Some similar fruits may be anticipated from the practical lessons of patience, of self-command, and of self-reliance which are inculcated upon the successful mountaineer. Of course, a clear head and a steady eye are the first qualifications to such a title. To those who are uncertain as to their possession of these indispensable requisites we can only counsel a less ambitious line. Whatever may be the estimate which they are disposed to place upon their own lives, they have no right to expose others to peril by their own incompetence or assumption.

Another attempt to start a provincial facetious journal is about to be made at Liverpool. It is to be entitled the *Liverpool Porcupine*, and in the opinion of its projectors will, on its own ground at least, be a formidable rival of *Punch*. Londoners, however, may be consoled by the reflection

that its principal contributors are to be recruited in the metropolis. They will include, we understand, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, John Hollingshead, H. J. Byron, Frank Talfourd, Edmund Yates, etc.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Sept.
THE FRENCH TREATY IN FRANCE.

A VERY few weeks of careful attention to the state of opinion in the northern half of France would enable an Englishman to make up his mind on the value of the professions of unbounded satisfaction which are manufactured by prefects and sub-prefects to the order of the French government. In all the departments lying to the north of the line of Paris, it is certain that the emperor is intensely unpopular, or rather—for Frenchmen have almost ceased to criticise their emperor—that his government is regarded as a terrible, though inevitable and irresistible visitation. It does not take away from the significance of this fact, that the unpopularity we speak of is undeserved, and is produced, not by the worst, but by the best parts of the imperial policy. Against the appropriation of Savoy, and the tortuous diplomacy which has its field in Italy, not a Frenchman can be found out of Paris who would venture a word of complaint. The aggrandizement of France, would unfortunately, be an excuse in the eyes of the French people for much blacker treachery and much more unscrupulous violence than has in this case been practised; and it is quite enough for the subjects of Napoleon III. that a province has already been added to the empire, and that something else is sure to be picked up among the confusions of Italian revolution. But about the general detestation with which the Commercial Treaty with England is regarded there cannot be a shadow of doubt; nor is any useful object served by the habit which English newspapers have fallen into of denying or glossing over this disfavor, either through a conviction that it is undeserved, or through zeal for the reputation of free trade. It is almost amusing to observe the simplicity of the view which is generally taken of the treaty. That it was a bribe to England is assumed to be a point too clear for discussion, and the preponderating belief is, that it was the price received by this country for its acquiescence in the annexation of Savoy, and probably in some further acquisitions. Inasmuch, however, as it is now tolerably notorious that England has *not* concurred in the appropriation of Savoy, there is additional bitterness in the reflection, either that England is treating France with her usual

perfidious ingratitude, or that the policy of the emperor has entirely miscarried.

There are many reasons for the discontent of a large part of France with the great experiment which is beginning to be tried. One very intelligible reason is, the certainty that the period of transition from protection to free-trade must prove a season of much more perplexity and distress than the analogous period in England. The very badness of the system under which the trade and manufacture of France have been developed, renders it extraordinarily difficult to pass otherwise than by an abrupt leap from the old principles to the new ones. So unreal and artificial are several of the French manufactures, that those engaged in them have never had the spirit to call to their aid the commonest discoveries and inventions of this century and the last. Nor are these enterprises in their infancy merely so far as regards the processes employed in manufacture; they are equally primitive in their distribution of labor. It is a circumstance little known in England, that the great commercial cities of Normandy and Alsace, and in a less degree those of the extreme north of France, are not so much seats of manufacture as centres and dépôts of an industry which is diffused over the whole surrounding department. Only a part of the cotton-prints, muslins, and cloths are the fabric of steam and iron in the towns; a large part—and sometimes the largest and most important part—are produced by hand-labor in the villages, where almost every cottage has its loom, its frame, or its wheel. Nothing testifies more completely to the unhealthiness and backwardness of the system of production hitherto maintained in France than its dependence on the rudest forms of mechanical labor. It is well ascertained that the healthiest state of relations between the separate labor of individuals and the combined labor of men in manufactories is that in which nothing but the finest and rarest of fabrics are produced by the human hand, while all the commoner and cheaper stuffs are thrown off by millions of yards in colossal factories, served by hundreds of disciplined operatives. But in the north, east, and west of France it is precisely the cheapest fabrics which are manufactured by the hand-loom. The cotton prints, so paltry to English eyes, which are worn by the French

peasant woman or the Parisian grisette, come nearly exclusively from small Norman and Alsacian villages. Of course, the labor which has hitherto been occupied by them will henceforth remain idle, unless some expansion of manufacture in the cities should tempt the rural citizens to leave their homes for the purpose of assisting in modes of production requiring great organization and extensive combination. Here, however, we come upon the source of the peculiar difficulty with which French labor has to struggle in making its way over a crisis like the present. The peasants who surround the manufacturing cities are agricultural laborers as well as spinners and weavers, and moreover, far the largest part of them are proprietors of small patches of land. The opinion of those who know them best is, that if they are compelled to give up the hand-loom, they will simply trust for support to the cultivation of their little fields, and encounter year after year of slow starvation rather than migrate to the city. The immense wages paid to operatives in the north of England, since the establishment of free-trade, have failed to attract any adequate number of laboring men from their one-roomed cottage and their eight shillings a week in the southern counties, and yet, compared with the stay-at-home French peasant, the English farm-laborer is a restless and erratic nomad.

The alarm of the French manufacturing interests is the greater from the want of any knowledge which may teach them that augmented wealth and a more stirring activity must necessarily, in the long run, be the result of the imperial policy. People who are aware that some of the most instructive treatises on political economy, and certainly the one brilliant book on that subject, have been written by Frenchmen, can never be prepared for the absolute ignorance of economical truth which characterizes the whole of French society, except a small circle in Paris. There is not even in France that vague appreciation of the true laws of trade, finance, and production which has taken possession of the popular mind in England ever since Adam Smith wrote. The tone of thought in France is, in fact, intensely sentimental, and the sentiments in favor are exactly those which are fatal, except in minds of great strength, to the understanding of an

economical proposition. There is, it is true, much in the French character which has no affinity to sentimentalism, but it need not be matter of surprise to Englishmen, that people who are excessively materialistic in their practice should be extravagantly sentimental in their language and theories, for this is a phenomenon which constantly shows itself among ourselves in the world of art and of art-criticism. Frenchmen, in truth, are almost as jealous of sentimental phrases as are Englishmen of religious dogmas; so that any one who should deny in France that the main-spring of human society is universal benevolence would be looked upon in the sort of light in which Mr. Maurice is regarded, for a somewhat opposite reason, by a certain class of English theologians. Indeed, a Frenchman will frequently forgive the most atrocious crimes to the author of a sounding sentiment, just as there are persons on this side the Channel who would pardon all the vices of Iscariot in one whom they believed to have rightly interpreted the doctrines of St. Paul. The one unanswerable reason assigned by M. Louis Blanc for supposing that there must be some way or other of explaining away Robespierre's apparent criminality is, that he once said something extremely benevolent about the hardship of being poor. To minds so constituted, there is scarcely any use in presenting the fundamental postulates of political economy—that the great majority of men in the great majority of instances will prefer a greater material gain to a smaller; and that a science sufficiently near the truth for practical purposes can be constructed on the assumption of this preference. Like Mr. Ruskin, they are so frightened by the very look of these propositions that they never venture close enough to see what they actually mean; and indeed Mr. Ruskin's recent papers, which strike an Englishman as a tissue of impertinent paradoxes, would only be vapid and familiar commonplace in France. Nor is it only with this fundamental doctrine that French sentiment is at open war. There are several phenomena in French society which make it astonishing that the great law of Malthus should there be considered as monstrous and wicked; but true it is, as Mr. J. S. Mill long since remarked, that the Malthusian doctrines are even more bitterly reviled in France than in

England; and yet without the fullest appreciation of them there can be no political economist.

The subject of thought which in France occupies the place of political economy in England is the pretended science of administration. The duties and attributes of governments are studied with the same attention which we bestow on the actions and mutual relations of individuals; and the result is that trade and manufacture are regarded in the two countries from exactly opposite

points of view. It is the secret belief of all Frenchmen but a few, that government can accomplish all that sentiment suggests; and Socialism is only this conviction carried to its furthest consequences. It is not too much to say that the emperor, for having adopted the policy of letting commercial transactions take their course, is regarded as having abdicated the most sacred of his duties, as a priest who has burned his mass-book, or a soldier who has run away from the field.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has written the following letter, dated Paris August 31, in reply to the recent remarks of Lord Palmerston on the Isthmus of Suez Canal project:—

"His lordship's allegations refer to three orders of facts perfectly distinct, but to which he has given a connection which does not exist. First, Lord Palmerston declared that a certain number of shares were set down to the viceroy of Egypt without his highness' knowledge or consent. That affirmation is erroneous in every respect. To prove this it will be sufficient to recall the terms of the report which I presented at the general meeting of the shareholders on the 15th of May. After having stated all the facts relative to the transaction, I said: 'We came to an understanding with the viceroy that he should take definitively to his account the shares reserved to foreign bankers who from circumstances had been prevented from fulfilling their engagements.' Not only did the announcement of that fact not draw forth any objection from the government of his highness, but, during the stay I recently made in Egypt, the convention on this subject between his highness and myself was sanctioned by an act of the Egyptian government. Secondly, Lord Palmerston has pretended that the works already executed demonstrate the impossibility of making the canal without an expense of money and time which no company can support. It is the contrary which is the truth. The experience we have already obtained does not permit a doubt to be entertained that the maritime canal of Suez will be opened to navigation within a period much shorter and at an expense much less considerable than the international commission of engineers had estimated. I maintain on this point all the explanations which I gave in my report to the general meeting. All the hopes I then expressed have received fresh confirmation from

the works which have since been executed. Thirdly, Lord Palmerston has endeavored to represent the loan which his highness has just concluded with a notable and honorable financier of Paris as having been rendered necessary by his subscription to the enterprise of the Suez Canal. This is not the case. The finances of Egypt are most prosperous, and the revenue of the state for a single year greatly exceeds the amount of the whole debt. By means of the loan which his highness has obtained on such advantageous conditions as prove the confidence of capitalists, the viceroy proposes to pay off completely the present debt, which bears a much more onerous interest than that of the loan just contracted. His government has, therefore, purely and simply effected a good operation, which, in the space of a few years, will contribute to place the financial situation of the country in equilibrium. Such is a sincere and perfectly correct account of the situation of our enterprise, which never presented better guarantees of success. The language of Lord Palmerston will not surprise those who know the inveterate malevolence of his lordship to the company of the Suez Canal. For my part, I should never have thought it worth while to point out his lordship's erroneous allegations, were it not that the board of directors had seen in them an intention to injure the credit of the company, and had considered it a duty to have a reply given."

IVES, the sculptor, returns to Rome this week. He has resided sixteen years in Italy, and returns with no other idea than of finding a permanent residence there.

MRS. GEORGE M. FLANDERS, formerly of Manchester, N. H., but now a resident of Boston, is reported to have written "The Ebony Idol."

From Once a Week.

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are un pitying."—GEORGE ELLIOT.

CHAPTER I.

"CLARA's sister in India!" muttered Markham.

"That's Colonel Vincent's wife!" exclaimed his companion. "Isn't she handsome? Everybody's mad about her. But what's the matter, Markham? you positively shiver in this fiery furnace. Agree, my boy?"

"No, it's constitutional."

"Would you like to be introduced?"

"After this dance. You find a partner; I'll sit down."

The scene was quite novel to Markham. An English ball with oriental accessories; active dancing beneath the flap of the punkas, to the music of a regimental-band of natives, native servants flitting about, two or three native gentlemen in rich costumes, with an affectation of European manners on the surface, and oriental depreciation of women in their sensual souls, gazing in wonderment at the activity of the dancers. But the scene which was called up in Markham's mind by the sight of Mrs. Vincent was far away in England six years back. A summer moon shining through poplars, which shadowed a garden-walk; heavy jessamine and sickly in the sultry evening, then the lightest footsteps, but quite audible to his anxious ears—promises, and vows and passionate utterance, sorrow in the present, but hope in the future, and then the interview sternly broken in upon with angry words.

"Now, Markham, come and be introduced."

"Thank you, some other time."

"But I've asked her, and she says she will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

Markham was forced to acquiesce.

There was a circle of admirers around the queen of the ball.

"Who's that native?" exclaimed Markham to his companion. "I'd fell a man to the ground who stared at a woman like that."

"Bless you, that's the Rajah of —, he's the best fellow in the world—gives such jolly hunting parties; quite a marvel in the way

of civilization; he reads all sorts of poetry; knows Tom Moore by heart."

"But his cursed stare?"

"Pooh! it's the way these chaps have. Nobody's speaking to her now. Come along."

"Mr. Markham—Mrs. Vincent."

He stood before her perfectly self-possessed, but she was evidently taken by surprise; his name must have escaped her when the introduction was requested.

"This is unexpected,—an old friend!" she exclaimed. Then in a whisper, "an old friend, Mr. Markham, notwithstanding the past—colonel, an old friend from England!" and she introduced Markham to her husband.

"Mr. Markham!" said the colonel. "I have much honor—the engineer of the — Line?"

"The same, sir."

The colonel dabbled in speculation; the colonel was delighted to make Markham's acquaintance; his poor house was at Markham's service while he remained at the station. The colonel drew Markham out of the circle to have some special conversation on railway topics; the circle closed again to listen to Mrs. Vincent's brilliant sallies and repartee, but she had become silent and pensive.

When she had heard of Markham last, Markham had gone to Canada. Why in the countless chances of life should he and she meet at this time in India? Why should the error of her life have been thus brought vividly before her? Was this a monition to repentance? Yet why repentance at this particular season?—repentance timing itself with the newest valse from England and the whirl of the dancers. How the heaviness and depression of the mind darkens passing events! The vague rumors of that dreadful affair at Meerut—was that merely an isolated occurrence arising out of special circumstances? The colonel said so,—the colonel and all the officers were fully confident in the devotion and loyalty of the regiment, she had believed them implicitly; but now her mind was filled with terrible doubt. What if these natives should prove utterly false? Why she and all around her were treading on smouldering fire. She must speak to the colonel; where was he? She

raised her eyes, the circle which had been round her gradually dispersed, all, save one, that Rajah of —. She was perfectly accustomed to that repulsive mystery of expression which marks the oriental type; but when his eyes chanced to meet hers, there was something so terribly repulsive in the gaze that she trembled and turned pale, in another moment deep crimson mantled her countenance; she left her seat and hurried to the colonel who was still standing talking to Markham. Placing her arm in his, she whispered:—

"Let us go home now."

"It's early yet, my love."

The colonel was deep in the share-market, and anxious for further conversation with Markham.

"But I don't feel quite well, pray come. Good-night, Mr. Markham, we shall meet again soon."

"Certainly," said the colonel, "Mr. Markham has promised to dine with us to-morrow."

Markham bowed.

"To-morrow!"

As it will be at the end of the world, so it was at many of those stations in India. The sun rose on the ordered strength of human system, and behold! all that men trusted in and clung to, shrunk in a moment from their grasp.

They did meet again very soon, Mrs. Vincent and Markham—a speedy transition from the amenities of society to grim strife for life and death—dragged from her own home; but he had rescued her, driven her—clinging desperately to him—through a hundred dangers.

Whither now? Bewildered by unknown roads, beneath a burning sun and fiery gusts of parching wind, the hard-held rein growing looser and looser in the hand. Still she kept urging him to hurry on—on, from a fear worse than death that possessed her soul.

But the brave horse, wounded and worn out, fell at last.

This flight from the land of death, so terribly real, yet growing more and more into the semblance of a frightful dream—the clogged effort to escape, and the sense of an irresistible doom creeping slowly onwards.

There was a native hut near the road. It appeared tenantless. He half carried her—half dragged her to it. The place was quite

bare, save some rough planking at one end which formed a rude couch. It afforded shelter from the sun, not from the heat, still it gave them breathing-time.

Oh, that fearful heat! though she had lived three years in India, she never before felt its full force untempered by the appliances of man.

Neither spoke for a while. Profound silence reigned around them—silence more awful than the din and clamor from which they had fled. Inaction more terrible than the sharp struggle that had saved them from death. Inaction, which allowed the mind to realize silence—as it were Heaven hushed for a last confession and prayer.

The chances were terribly against escape. Markham saw that clearly, and yet even to surprise, he had never in his life known his mind more perfectly composed and capable of exact thought. He was constitutionally brave, and his mental powers were never fully developed until he stood face to face with difficulty. Far different her condition. Her husband had just fallen in his brave attempt to appeal to the men, but in the terror of the present there was no room for that sorrow in her mind. Life or death? Life, was to fall alive into the rebels' hands; death, was to die unforgiven by those she had wronged most.

"Markham, have you any ammunition left?"

"We must give up all hopes of resistance against numbers," he replied quietly.

"But the ammunition?"

"Only one barrel loaded! If more than three attack us I have determined to throw the pistol away. Perhaps I should act differently were I alone; but it would only exasperate them against you."

"One barrel loaded!" she murmured—then was silent. A terrible resolution was forming in her mind.

She looked steadfastly at him. "Is there any hope of escape, Markham?"

"Very little hope, if we are pursued."

"How calm you are, Markham—I'm—"

"Do you think my life has been so very happy, Pauline, that I should be quite unnerved by the approach of death?"

"Does that old affection for my sister linger yet? I fancied you were so ambitious."

"It formed the very base of my ambition.

I have worked since, because there is a sense of power in me which urges me on, but I have worked careless of reward and honor."

"Can you forgive her, Markham?"

"I have forgiven her since I entered this hut."

"O Markham, at this last hour, can you forgive me also?" She flung herself at his feet. "I induced her to marry that man."

"You had every right, as her sister, fairly to advise. The blame was hers in yielding."

"Markham, the blame was mine—I deceived her—kill me, but I must speak now. I was horribly tempted. Our family was very poor for the station we held. That rich man loved her, and if she married him, it opened a path of affluence to us all. And you were poor and unknown then. My father was fearfully involved—but God forbid! I should try to hide my guilt. I was cursed with the thirst for affluence and worldly position."

"But those letters I wrote her—they were placed in a secret spot known to us alone."

"Markham—I tracked her there—oh, mercy!"

An exulting yell outside showed that the pursuers had discovered the buggy and dead horse.

She fell back terror-stricken, but he drew her forward, holding her in the grasp of a vice.

"Quick with your confession!"

"I took the letters away one by one—we urged her to consent to the addresses of Mr. Manson—"

"Well?"

"But she refused steadfastly. At last she *did* find a letter there—"

"My letter?"

"No—a letter from you which said the engagement must cease."

He let her fall from his grasp. The calm of his soul was gone. "My God! to die now, and for Clara never to know the truth."

Terror at the approaching danger overcame all her other feelings. Fascinated, she crawled up to the window of the hovel, and gazed out. She saw, even at the distance, the expression on that countenance which had caused her such horror the night before. In a minute or two more their refuge would be discovered.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Mark-

ham, but grant me one prayer. Life to me is more frightful than death. When they come"—she pointed significantly to the revolver. "I never fired a pistol in my life; my own hand might fail me at the last."

He was silent.

"As you hope for salvation hereafter!"

"What, take vengeance with my own hand?"

"No, Markham, the act would be the token of your forgiveness. Swear!" she cried, in an agony of supplication, "and then I can pray in peace."

"I swear!" said Markham.

It was a terrible effort, but he conquered in the end, and he spoke the full truth and purpose of his heart, when he uttered in a low, firm tone, "Pauline, I forgive you."

She raised her head for a moment, and pressed his hand to her lips. "Then God will forgive me, I am absolved from my guilt. I can die in peace." She bent her head again in prayer.

Markham had become quite calm again. He carefully examined the loaded barrel: with a firm hand he raised the hammer and gently lowered it, so as to press the cap more securely on the nipple.

And they waited the end in peace.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU have forgiven me, Markham?"

The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, rescued by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. She often tried to lead the conversation up to the point, but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt.

In long watchings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta—she had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium, cry her sister's name, till the word smote her like a sharp sword. One evening, as she stood before him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and clasping her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent

words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like molten lava; but with returning strength came proud endurance, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always hate her, yet she liked to feel that he rested in her power as a helpless child. The vital energy was wasted from his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible flight was very weak and purposeless; the hands were nerveless which had freed her from the ruffian's grasp;—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?

Was it conscience prompting her to make the fullest reparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start in terror from his bedside. The thought was so fearful. What if love should be his own avenger?

The principle her needy parents had taught her in her youth—that love was a fiction, marriage a result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very true when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and she had lived quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet surely, there remained to her the sorrowful recollection of that brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination. She strove to love him dead as she had never dreamed of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier's habit of sternness; forgot that no real sympathy had ever existed between them, and dwelt only on his kind indulgence, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, magnifying it to the utmost. Yet, after all, they twain were only parties to a contract, beauty for wealth. She had acted her part faithfully as a wife, but her heart had never been asked, and never been given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. The feeling which wrestled with her was love,—first love,—with all its intensity, first love, to be met with shuddering and endured with sorrow. It was her sister's name which stole from his unconscious lips as she smoothed his pillow

with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had saved his life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had availed more than their skill; in truth, they marvelled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in his condition. At last they said, the sea voyage, at all hazard, was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heart for the moment, to lavish every comfort that money could procure in the fitting up of his cabin. He was carried on board on a couch, too weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress towards recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load on her soul was eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to be near him, for she felt, when he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against her conviction;—saddest logic!

He had not entirely recovered his strength: his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the golden rose of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last sunset of their voyage. She might justly claim her right of care a little longer; he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house until his health was quite restored. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's home. It was the only means she possessed of retaining him near her.

"The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly. Then the set words, thought of so long before, escaped her at the moment; she could only add, abruptly,

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked earnestly in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care—"

"Not bound to me; you have saved my life!"

"Ay; that was but a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."

"But your noble forgiveness—"

He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich; set me to any task of doing good."

"I shall only demand one act from you. You will tell your sister?"

She was utterly cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her guilt, but for another to know it—why, the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation.

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."

She was silent.

"An act of justice! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."

In broken words she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline,—if you are silent, I shall speak myself."

She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her,—she, who had been so careless of all affection, caring only for worldly prosperity—well, that was attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love, could never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost to her forever.

"O Markham! grant me a respite—let me be happy a little time with her before she hates me—a few days—a week."

"Be it so! A week!" replied Markham; and he turned his face from her towards the long beams of golden cloud, which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

* * * * *

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"

"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my landing."

"Not to begin business yet? I'm certain your health is far from being restored."

"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I think if I am well enough to enjoy myself here, I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"

"Thank you, I can scarcely promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are rather more settled, I shall have to return to my post in India."

"India!—your health is not fit for that;—your friends ought never to allow you."

"It's my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a pause in the conversation. For a few moments, Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again—I feel there is something I ought to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go away. Now mind, it's not from any conversation between us, I give you my honor—but I can see better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

"Circumstances," said he, "have certainly thrown us together—but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom in conversation; but, besides this, I can see how much her character has altered since she went away. As a girl, though she had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of grandeur and show, for I will be frank with you. But that, I am sure, is all changed—she seems to cling to me for love, she's half spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Vincent was a kind, good man, but far older—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Recollect that she owes her life to you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about people being in love, I've said, 'Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose

of yours, when you really love, it will be a matter of intensest joy or sorrow—"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected. Without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is proper for me to tell you at once, that this affection, supposing it to exist, can never be returned."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, sorrowfully.

"Why so?"

"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you were going to leave?" She rose from her chair, greatly agitated.

"Edward Markham, I have a right to speak to you: you owe me something. I transfer all that to my sister;—if you loved her, I could forgive the past. Maybe it was prudent in you to give up that engagement which seemed so hopeless; but on the night of that fourteenth of June we had sworn to one another to be true, and wait patiently—and yet in three short months!—well, no matter now. I returned you your letters, all but one."

"You returned me *all* my letters," said Markham, his iron resolution tried to the very verge.

"No, not that last letter; I could not return it then."

By the utmost effort governing her trembling hands, she unlocked her desk, and drew out a little packet.

"I read that letter twice, only twice, and then I sealed it up with this black wax. I have never read it since—no need; every word is stamped in my heart. They must have dragged me to the altar, but for that."

She forced the packet into his hand.

"There, Edward, I can forgive it all, forgive all those words, if you make her happy. I live very happily now, very happily."

Only a few words, and she would know the truth—know that he had been faithful to his pledge; but he stifled the words which were rising to his lips, and clenched his teeth hard.

She stopped him for a moment as he was about to leave the room—she had in some degree recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Markham, I shall never speak on this subject again; but I bid you think well before you throw away a loving heart."

He was tempted more than falls to the common lot of mortals. He must have yielded, had the temptation fallen on him unawares; but before he left Calcutta, he had resolved to see her once more, and through the long voyage, and in many a restless night, he had weighed the chances of their meeting, and armed himself at all points for resistance.

"Markham, have you told her?"

"No, Pauline."

She could not speak for the moment, she could only clasp his hand.

"She is never to be told!"

"This is noble beyond thought! O Markham, I promise you I will strive to the utmost to atone for the past—any thing is easy if I possess her love. But your goodness—I can never repay that."

"Wait a while, Pauline. Weigh my words—she is never to be told."

"Yes, yes; I do weigh them: they seal that forgiveness which was freely given me at the hour of death."

"Pauline, I must have it on your honor, that you will never tell her."

"On my honor!" She repeated the words hastily, but she was somewhat perplexed at his meaning, and looking on his face, she saw that same expression, as it were, the very soul flushing the countenance, which she remembered so vividly when she knelt at his feet in the hovel. "Never tell her, Markham?"

"Never!"

"Not if I were at the point of death?"

"Not even at that time—you are bound evermore to silence."

She had passed through the agonizing fear of death; she recollected her troubled prayers; she recollected there was no gleam of hope in her breast till he had forgiven her—then only she had found peace for her soul.

"O Markham, do not bind me to this—nay, let me speak out now; let me suffer any pain now, so that she forgives me at the end."

She would have left the room: he drew her back.

"I cannot free you: it is not to me you are bound. I dare say you went with a feeling of triumph to that grand wedding when your sister became Mrs. Manson. In

all probability those awful words of the marriage-service made no impression upon you at the time, and most likely you have never thought upon them since: '*Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.*' You might have spoken then, but now those words bind you forever."

She listened to him with her head depressed, her hands covering her face.

"When I found that your sister had been really true to me, my feeling towards her, which was that of utter contempt, turned back to old love, and I resolved to see her once more. Believe in my good faith—only to see her, and part forever. I calculated my strength of will. I thought I was very strong—let no man trust to his strength in such a case! Since I came to this house, I have walked through the fire of temptation. Listen well to me, Pauline, and hear how strongly you are bound to silence. I saw that she was not happy—as to *his* love for her—"

"Mr. Manson is very proud of her," interrupted Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and he is *very proud* of his fine horses. If he does not absolutely ill treat her, she lives utterly without sympathy or affection. I dare not tell you what I have felt; but I tell you my resolution was so utterly weakened, that at one moment it was only the sight of how she clung to those children of hers—how all her happiness was centred there—"

"I understand your meaning, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, proudly. "My sister would under all circumstances have recollected her duty."

"It might indeed be as you say. Do you know this letter?"

Breaking the black seals, he placed the false letter in her hand. She gazed at it with a sort of fascination, and in low tones said, "I thought it was burnt at the time—she told me so—it was not with the other letters she gave me to send back."

"You would have taken care of that," he replied, with a withering glance.

"When did you receive it?"

"An hour ago—your sister gave it to me, reproaching me for having broken my plighted faith."

"Am I to bring a curse on this house?" she cried in terror, falling at his feet. "God

save us from this shame! O Markham, I trusted to your honor when I brought you here."

"You forget, Pauline, that I have already told you she does not know the cruel and shameful history of that letter. We will take it, as you say, at all costs she would have been faithful to her duty; but think of the terrible struggle—think of the long suffering—if she ever does know the truth. Why should she suffer? She has done no wrong. We are bound to silence in mercy to her. Mark these words, Pauline—the evil and sorrow rest on your head, if you ever break that pledge of silence."

She made him no answer.

"You forgave me once," she murmured.

"God forbid I should retract those words?"

It is possible to forgive, but it is impossible to absolve you from the consequences of your guilt."

Markham went back to India.

He had displayed great originality and skill in the construction of a certain railway bridge across a rapid river, under circumstances of great difficulty. In addition to its engineering merits, the bridge happened to form the last link in a trunk-line of railway communication which promised to be of the highest value in developing the resources of the country. All classes were deeply interested. There would be a grand ovation to the engineer on the opening of the bridge. The day appointed for the ceremony had arrived.

"Not ready to start, Markham? You'll be late," cried the assistant engineer.

"I've written to say I can't be there."

"Bless me! it's one of the grandest days in your life."

"The fact is, I've just received a letter from England—"

"Not a loss in your family, I hope?"

"No; but still containing very melancholy intelligence."

"Well, Markham, I think you ought to come, nevertheless; your services demand public recognition."

"You know me, old boy—I don't care twopenny for that sort of thing—and, as for the bridge, I've got twice as good a plan in my head at this moment. Let them stick the laurel into your turban. Off with you, or you'll get a wiggling for being late."

Markham was alone all that day. The letter he had received lay open before him. It was from a clergyman. The portion he read over oftenest ran thus :—

"I was requested to see Mrs. Vincent at a time when no hope was entertained for her recovery. I can assure you I had to perform a very painful duty. She confessed that she had done a grievous wrong to some person still living, but that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, she was bound never to disclose the wrong, lest greater evil should arise. I strove with the best power that was granted me to afford her consolation. Ever since I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent I had had occasion to admire the noble devotedness with which she had labored among the poor of the Lord's flock—abounding greatly in works

of piety and charity. I fear, at the last, that her soul rested too much on 'works,' as a means of atoning for past transgressions. It was almost in vain that I enforced upon her the immeasurable value of a 'saving faith' over the best human acts. 'What I have done lately,' she would say, 'I count as nothing; if I could only have repaired the past, I should die happy.' That idea of 'doing' and the misery of dying unforgiven by the person she had wronged, were the thoughts that rendered her so miserable. Towards the last, when we were alone, she bade me in secrecy write to you, using these words: 'The misery that I suffer now has not been caused by him—it is the inevitable result of my own act. Tell him that I have been true to my pledge—that he has been terribly avenged.'"

G. U. S.

Few American books have met in England with a warmer reception than Dr. Stevens' "History of Methodism." The notices of the literary and religious journals are, without exception, highly laudatory. The *London Literary Gazette* has noted the two volumes in two successive notices of five columns each, and declared it superior to Southey's work. The Wesleyan Methodist *Magazine*, in its July number says that Dr. Stevens "brings to the task a thorough acquaintance with his subject; a transparent integrity; the courage which Cicero affirms to be indispensable to the writer of history, of not only daring to write what is false, but of daring to write the truth—a philosophic comprehension of the grand laws of Providence; a creed in full keeping with the faith once delivered to the saints, and a heart alive with generous sensibilities toward all of every communion who love the common Saviour;" and further, that "he writes in a picturesque and attractive style, with all the vividness of d'Aubigné, without his perpetual glitter, and that it may be said of him what the Roman critic said of Herodotus—*historian ornatus*." Somewhat longer ago, the *Westminster Review*, in the same number in which it poured out its bitterest sarcasm on the revivals and the revival literature of the present day, testified, in highly eulogizing terms, the excellency of this history of the greatest revival of the eighteenth century. The *London Quarterly* in noticing it, gives America credit for producing the best history of English Methodism, and says, Dr. Stevens is doing for Methodism, what d'Aubigné has done for the reformation. We learn that no less than three different cheap editions have been projected in London. Heylin, of London, advertises one as in the press.—*N. Y. World*.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HARRIS.—The late Professor Chapin A. Harris, whose death at Baltimore was announced a few days since, was popularly known as "The Father of American Dentistry." In the year 1840 he founded the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first of its kind in this country. Of this successful institution he was the leading professor and lecturer for twenty years. His elaborate "Dictionary of Dental Science," 1849, and the more extended work, "Dictionary of Medicine, Dental Surgery and the Collateral Sciences," 1854, the "Principles and Practice of Dental Surgery," 1839, were part of the principal literary labors of his life. He also translated from the French several valuable medical works, and steadily edited from its commencement in 1839, over twenty years ago, the "*American Journal of Dental Science*."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"THE History of the Riddle" is a subject which, as every one sees at the first sight, requires, in order to be thoroughly treated, an amount of study which few men will be willing and able to undertake. A German author has found the subject sufficiently attractive to engage respecting it in thorough researches, the fruit of which is a work bearing the above title. The author discusses the relation of the riddle to other branches of literature, its divisions, significance, and aim, and gives ample information on the riddle literature among the Hebrews, Turks, Persians, Arabians, Greeks, Romans, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, Lithuanians, English, Scotch, French, Italian, Spaniards, Dutch, and Germans. The book gives throughout copious references, and numerous specimens of riddles of all times and peoples.

From The Saturday Review, 22 Sept.
ITALY AND EUROPE.

THE majority of the European governments regard the Italian movement with ill-will, and all are watching it with anxiety, yet at no former time have so many reasons combined to discourage actual interference. The emperor of the French, after the success of the Savoy plot, and the failure of his agitation in Belgium and the Rhenish provinces, wishes that the neighboring powers should resume their ordinary habits of security and mutual distrust, and that his own subjects should not associate the name of his dynasty with the burdens of perpetual war. It would also be difficult to France to select a pretext for intervention or a cause to defend in Italy. The king of Naples has run away, and nothing has been said of the son of Murat. The protection of the outlying ecclesiastical provinces would only increase the embarrassment which is already produced by the wrongful occupation of Rome. It would be necessary for a French army to govern the insurgent population as well as to conquer it; and the example of Austria is not encouraging to foreign rulers of Italian populations. No French politician sympathizes with the union of the peninsula into one considerable kingdom; but the hope of future dissensions, and the absence of any present encouragement from indigenous faction, may confirm the resolution of acquiescing in a result which is apparently inevitable. The suspicion that a second bargain of Plombières has been concluded at Nice is probably deduced rather from experience and seeming probability than from actual information. The alienation of Sardinia or of Elba would destroy the vast popularity of the royal dynasty, and all projects of the kind were formally repudiated by Count Cavour during the late session of the Parliament at Turin. By ostensibly censuring the invasion of the Roman States, the French government retains the power of deciding on its future course as the interests of the moment may direct. If the edifice of Italian unity is completed, it will be easy to boast that "France remains at peace for an idea."

The active hostility of Austria would be far more legitimate, if the circumstances of the empire admitted of energetic action; but the commencement of a war might interrupt the reforms which can alone avert disruption, and it is better to risk the loss of Venetia than to give occasion for a revolt in Hungary. By allowing the presence of Kossuth and of Klapka at Turin, the Sardinian government holds out an intelligible menace, which would immediately be realized if an Austrian army from the Mincio ventured southward across the Rubicon. Two or three

of Garibaldi's ablest officers are Hungarian exiles, and they might easily persuade their leader that the independence of Italy would be best secured by the promotion of their own designs. It would also be impossible for Austria, in the event of a collision with Piedmont, to rely on the neutrality of France, and in this quarrel alone the sympathies of England would be enlisted on the side of change and revolution. It is not even certain that the Austrian armies would be able to obtain the superiority in Central Italy. The native army will now be recruited from a population of more than twenty millions, and the sea is absolutely controlled by the Italian fleet. The harbor of Ancona is already blockaded, and in case of war, both shores of the Adriatic would be exposed, without resistance, to Admiral Persano's attacks. Trieste, as a German city, is probably exempt from insult; but the Slavonic provinces, even if they failed to welcome a maritime invader, could scarcely interrupt his communications with Hungary. If war is inevitable, the contest will be most advantageously maintained by Austria under the shelter of the Quadrilateral. The pope's quarrel would only superadd the burden of an unjust cause and the aid of the dispirited remnant of a defeated army, which, after the battle of the 18th instant, retains little more than a nominal existence.

Russia, Prussia, and the minor German governments regard the Italian enterprise with unconcealed repugnance; but Russia, still weakened by the Crimean war, is desirous of repose, and is incapable of the imprudence of an actual intervention in Italy. Any formal expression of diplomatic disapproval is perfectly compatible with inaction on the part of a court which never accorded complete recognition to Louis Philippe. An insurrection in Hungary would, under present circumstances, be unpalatable to Russia; and on the whole, the risk of revolution will be diminished by the unresisted reduction of the Roman States. The government of St. Petersburg is fortunately debarred from the pretence of religious devotion to the schismatic head of the Latin Church. If Victor Emmanuel succeeds in consolidating his kingdom, he has no natural cause of antagonism with Russia; and, for the present, distance and expediency will furnish a sufficient security against active intervention.

The interest of Germany in the Italian struggle is at once nearer and more complicated. The absorption of several petty states by one vigorous dynasty cannot but remind the German princes that the position and claims of Prussia are analogous to those of Piedmont. The changes which commenced with the war of 1859 are naturally unpalat-

able to patriotic Germans, so far as they recall the defeat of Austria, and the alarming preponderance of France; but, beyond the region of courts and the circles of diplomats, the constitution of a united nation is welcomed as a precedent by the communities which have long regretted their distribution under six-and-thirty rulers. The Prussian government itself, though it might put itself forward as the representative of the national feeling, shrinks with a loyal and timid reluctance from encroachments on dynastic rights. No power has so much to gain by a general re-organization; but the regent, though a patriot, still retains the professional sympathies of a prince, nor can he forget that the natural enemy of Germany was recently the ally and patron of Piedmont. The danger of war also influences the judgment of cautious German politicians. Although Prussia has wisely refused to guarantee the Austrian possessions in Venetia, many circumstances might force the confederation into the struggle when it had once begun. Revolutionary movements in the eastern provinces of Austria would stimulate the undying jealousy and dislike with which the central nation regards its less civilized neighbors. Even the Magyars might become as obnoxious to Germany as the Poles or the Croats if a coalition of foreign races threatened the imperial dynasty of Austria. Judicious Prussian statesmen would rejoice at the abandonment of Venetia, but in an obstinate war it is impossible that their sympathies should be on the side of Italy. Austria has hitherto alienated popular good-will by protecting, on the north as well as on the south of the Alps, the claims of princes against the rights of the people. Perseverance in the same erroneous policy would ultimately lead to the entire preponderance of Prussia, if not to the reconstruction of a German empire under the Hohenzollern dynasty. For the present, misfortune seems to have convinced even the government of Vienna that it is not expedient to resist the universal wishes of the nation. The Italians cannot be too careful to abstain from identifying the obnoxious possessors of Venetia with the German confederation, for wholesale abuse of the *Tedeschi* may be resented by even more formidable opponents than those who garrison the works of Mantua and Verona. No catastrophe would be more fatal to Italian independence than the political ruin of the only continental power which can permanently impose respect on French ambition. It is at present the interest of Austria only to accept the Italian challenge under circumstances which will engage Prussia and Germany in the quarrel. The prince regent will not voluntarily make war in defence of Venetia, and he is wholly un-

interested in the spoliation of the pope, except on general grounds of Conservative scruple. It will be the fault of Piedmont or of Garibaldi if the hostility of the Confederation is wantonly provoked.

A conclusive argument against interference on the part of Russia, Prussia, or Austria ought to be furnished by the decided and intelligible policy of England. The apocryphal alliance against France which was lately announced in a Belgian paper is but the reflection of an actual tendency to the revival of old relations. Recent experience has shown that only one power in Europe is likely to attempt a war of aggression, and the general tranquillity will be best ensured by a common determination to allow no further rectification of natural boundaries. In the event of any disturbance of the balance of power, the peaceable states which may be menaced can count securely on the assistance of England, and it is clear that the advantage of the potential coalition is principally on the side of the continental governments. The friendship and aid which may be relied on for the defence of the Rhine, of Belgium, or of Switzerland would be absolutely forfeited by an attack on the independence of Italy. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have fully represented the national feeling in their steady protest against foreign interference in Italy. While they were willing to acquiesce in the existing territorial divisions, they recognized the common interest of all Italians in the destinies of their country, without waiting till national unity passed from an aspiration into a fact. If it were possible that the ministers or their successors in office should repudiate their avowed policy, no statesman or party could lead the country into any measure which would be opposed to Italian freedom. Even a renewal of the cordial understanding with France would be less unpopular than an adhesion to the repressive system of a renewed holy alliance.

From The Saturday Review, 22 Sept.

THE SCHONBRUNN BANQUET.

THE birthday of the czar has been celebrated by the Emperor Francis Joseph with a banquet sufficiently splendid to do justice to so great an occasion as the reconciliation of Russia and Austria. The quarrel of these old allies has ended in a renewal of love, and it would be difficult to express joy at any political event with more perfect candor than the emperor displayed when he drank the cup of friendship to the health of his brother sovereign. The world is to understand henceforth that these monarchs are perfect friends. They have toasted each other at

state banquets, and they are soon to meet at Warsaw. Naturally, the world asks what this reconciliation means, and what it will lead to? What it does not mean is tolerably obvious. It is in the highest degree unlikely that Russia will again be asked to interfere in the internal affairs of Austria. The last intervention in Hungary ended in Austria being expected to abandon her independent position as a European power, and humbly follow wherever Russia chose to lead her. It is even now thought a great act of magnanimity in Russia to overlook the ingratitude exhibited by Austria in taking a line of her own. Austria cannot stoop again to incur an obligation of which she now knows the cost, for, if she did, she would abandon all pretensions to be a great power, and she cannot exist at all as a small power. Her several members only cohere together because they like the prestige and perceive the advantages of belonging to a state of the first rank. Still less can it be supposed that a new holy alliance is meditated. The unmolested position of the Piedmontese before Ancona seems to be an ample guarantee that nothing of that kind is running in the heads of the reconciled sovereigns. This union, to which Prussia is a party, is not intended for offensive purposes of any sort. The Cabinet of Vienna has thought proper to give a distinct assurance that no active coalition against France is intended. The assurance will be considered superfluous by all those who know the present position of Austria and Russia. Neither of those countries can raise money on loan. This one fact speaks volumes. They will not go to war unless they cannot possibly help it. There are circumstances under which nations will fight although they have got no money; but the purse must be full before offensive war is voluntarily sought.

The real object of the political union celebrated at Schönbrunn is, we may be tolerably sure, to establish, not a centre of hostile activity, but a mutual passive insurance against France. That the policy of Louis Napoleon should have driven the three great powers on the east of France into a formal union ostentatiously announced, is a fact that does not cease to be important because the united powers will not fight if they can help it. It is a great thing if, by some means or other, Europe can put a stop to the peculiar kind of war which the French emperor has invented to suit the necessities of the very peculiar relation which he occupies towards his own subjects. What he likes is a war brilliant, not dangerous—but, above all, short. This gives him *éclat*. It keeps alive the love of military glory which kills the

love of liberty in France, and it frees him from the peril of disgusting his subjects by the burden and drain of a protracted struggle. In order to accomplish this object it is necessary that he should attack a great state, or there is no glory, and that he should attack it when it is isolated, or the war might last long enough to cause discontent in France. The difficulty is to find a constant succession of isolated great powers, and Europe has naturally given itself some pains to thwart a policy which threatens to sweep off a hundred thousand men every two or three years, in order that a French adventurer may continue to smoke his cigar in the inside of the Tuileries. England has adopted some sensible precautions against her only danger—that of being overpowered by a *coup de main*—and feels tolerably confident that the emperor will think twice before he attacks a state that will be as happy to fight him for six years as for six months, if he insists on beginning the struggle. The continental powers have had recourse to the equally efficacious policy of acting on the defensive, and of acting together. They decline to be isolated, and they calculate that, if they are on their own ground and do not throw away their little stock of money on distant operations, they may make so good and so long a fight as to render France very tired and heartily repentant of attacking them.

This union of the allied sovereigns will also have considerable effects on the internal affairs of their respective countries, although such direct intervention as that of Russia in Hungary is now out of date. One of the great difficulties with which the Russian and Austrian governments have to contend is the persuasion instilled into the minds of their disaffected subjects by the French press that the French will back up every revolution. It has been so often stated to be the mission of Louis Napoleon to introduce the great principle of nationalities, that a serious belief in his aid has sunk into the minds of numberless Poles and Hungarians. There is much in this that is pure illusion. The emperor is always extending a patronage more or less official to bands of exiles and to deputations from the revolutionary party in neighboring countries, because he can lose nothing by doing so, while he gains favor with the democratical party in France, and gets himself talked of all over the world. But there is a long step between this and really pushing French troops across the Vistula or the Theiss. The governments of Russia and Austria may know this, and not think the danger of France giving assistance to their revolted provinces a very serious one, and yet they may be very anxious to

destroy the delusion in the minds of their subjects. Although a belief in French aid may ultimately betray the authors of a revolution, it certainly makes them more likely to risk the perils which a revolution involves. The Irish, in the rebellion of 1798, got no effective help from republican France, but it is very improbable that the rebellion would have taken place if effective aid from France had not been reckoned on as a certainty. It may, therefore, save Austria and Russia much anxiety, blood, and money, if they can bring home to the minds of all men that France is not likely to help a Polish or Hungarian revolution, and can give a convincing proof that, if Louis Napoleon did foment a civil war in the territory of his neighbors, he would have to encounter a general war on the greatest possible scale. It has obviously been thought prudent to make the fact of the union of Austria and Russia as notorious as possible. Diplomatic civilities may easily escape unobserved, but a great banquet attracts universal attention in a country like Austria. Every one in the remotest part of the empire can understand what is meant when his emperor gives a feast in honor of the czar, and when the Russian minister is placed next to the empress, and wears a bran-new Austrian order on his breast. The feast, and the toasts, and the order were all intended to convey the lesson that those who may be purposing to revolt, and leaning on the hope of French assistance, have nothing but a broken reed to lean on.

From The Saturday Review, 22 Sept.
NAPLES AND GARIBALDI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the disquieting statements from Turin with respect to the existing relations between Garibaldi and the Sardinian government, it may be hoped that the dictator will not irrevocably commit himself to any course incompatible with the true interests and the safety of Italy. Imagination and popular logic have probably contributed their share to some of the reports which connect him with the various sections of his friends and enemies; and even if the purport of his latest communications with King Victor Emmanuel has been accurately stated, there is happily a wide interval between hasty language and rash acts. It may be doubted whether he proposed to the Piedmontese government the alternative of a royal occupation of the marches or of his own advance upon Rome, but the king and Count Cavour must have understood that it was necessary either to act or to renounce all control over the national movement. There is no precedent in history for the semi-independent po-

sition of the Neapolitan dictator. Wallenstein was all but a rebel when he despised the authority of Ferdinand III. Monk, in his march from Scotland, though he held the fate of all parties in his hands, had no power or pretension to claim permanent authority for himself. Garibaldi has won without assistance the fair provinces which he promises to amalgamate with the kingdom of Northern Italy, and, until the fusion is completed, he holds no commission under the government of Turin. For the present, his ministers and foreign agents represent a policy of his own, which is backed by the material resources of Naples and Sicily and by the goodwill of the whole Italian population. One word addressed to his zealous followers would silence the clamor for annexation with which the Neapolitan rabble at present amuses its leisure. With the same ulterior purposes, Count Cavour might probably have adopted a cautious and dilatory course, but the liberating general has the means of enforcing a vigorous policy by threatening to carry it out himself. It is possibly in the hope of accelerating the action of Piedmont that he has allowed himself, in recent speeches and proclamations, to countenance the dangerous system of his more fanatical advisers. The rash announcement of his intended triumph on the Quirinal may have been intended to quicken Cialdini's march across the Roman provinces. Nothing in Garibaldi's career or character would suggest the suspicion of his engaging himself in an unnecessary and hopeless conflict with France. His aspirations for the possession of the great Italian capital may perhaps imply as little confidence of success as his still more audacious declaration that he will make Neapolitan soldiers fight. His acts, which may be more strictly construed than his language, indicate a loyal adhesion to the union with Piedmont. He has given over the conquered fleet to Admiral Persano, and he has invited Sardinian regiments to form a part of the garrison of the capital.

Mazzini, who has seldom failed to promote by word and by deed the interests of Austria, and of all the enemies of his country, is said to be employing himself in intrigues against the project of a single Italian kingdom. His emissaries or partisans are endeavoring to influence the mind of the dictator by the prospect of reducing Venetia and Rome before he hands over his enterprise to others; and the appointment of Count Saffi as pro-dictator of Sicily appears to prove that the efforts made by this dangerous faction are not wholly without effect. The indiscreet language which has brought upon Count Cavour so much diplomatic opprobrium, is quoted on the other side for the

purpose of proving his want of patriotic sincerity; and the Republicans hope that ultimately the Sardinian dynasty itself may share the fate of the fallen houses of Bourbon, of Este, and of Lorraine. It is difficult to condemn too severely the factious imbecility of zealots who would inaugurate the union of Italy by dividing its leaders and its armies. Even the personal greatness of Garibaldi is less indispensable to the national cause than the recognized flag of the legitimate dynasty which has identified itself with Italian independence. It is a sufficiently arduous task to unite all the principalities of the Peninsula into a great kingdom, without the additional difficulty of creating a new political constitution. A democratic Republic, while it offered a challenge to Europe, would involve, as its first condition, a civil war between the king of Sardinia and its promoters.

In such a struggle, even if it were allowed to exhaust itself without interference from abroad, Garibaldi, in his own despite, would be forced into the position of a military usurper, or, in ancient language, he would degenerate into a tyrant. Like Cromwell, he would find it impossible to resign his power into incapable hands, and he would be compelled to suppress anarchy, reaction, and discontent by the arms of his soldiers. The Sardinian kingdom, with its ancient nucleus and its tried constitution, may possibly escape the danger to which freedom is exposed under a military organization; but a private leader of the national crusade, however heroic in character, could only depend on popular suffrage, and, in difficult circumstances, on force. The multitude, which at present expresses the loudest enthusiasm for the liberator, did not originate the resistance which has proved fatal to legitimate despotism. In Lombardy, in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Naples, and Sicily, the educated minority has borne the brunt of oppression, and has kept alive the hope of deliverance. The same classes, which are in every country the natural trustees and guardians of liberty, now desire, on behalf of themselves and of their less competent countrymen, to dispense with the dangerous supremacy of individual patriots by placing themselves under the less invidious protection of a limited and hereditary monarch. The Italian army will probably take a principal part in approaching events, and it is well that its leaders should have a chief above them who was a king before he was a soldier. Washington himself would have found it impossible to lay down his power if the safety of the republic had, during the whole of his life, been exposed to menace

from without. From the moment at which peace was signed with England, the American union was exempt from all possible attack, but Italy will long be exposed to the encroachments of two warlike and greedy neighbors.

The measures which Garibaldi has hitherto adopted in Naples seem to be just and prudent; but when he marches northward against the enemy, he will scarcely leave behind him the skeleton of a regular government. No name which can be found either among his own followers or among the Neapolitans themselves carries with it any weight of authority; and a provisional administration is always weakened by the uncertainty of its duration. Immediate annexation would furnish the means of providing for social order by the machinery of an organized system. If Naples and Sicily are really to become provinces of an Italian kingdom, the organization which they are eventually to experience can scarcely be applied too soon. The dictator rightly refused to fall back into the position of a subject when, after making himself master of Sicily, he had determined to reserve to himself the right of war with Naples. The project of carrying on independent hostilities against Austria, and perhaps against France, is utterly inconsistent with the sovereignty of the Piedmontese government, even in Northern Italy. It is for Victor Emmanuel to decide on the time and on the means of completing that Italian enfranchisement to which the aid of his armies is indispensable. Even in the coming operations, it will be sufficiently embarrassing to co-operate with an ally who is at the same time a subject.

The occupation of the Roman provinces has been accomplished almost as easily as the conquest of Naples. Lamoricière, already weakened by the surrender of several garrisons, has barely succeeded in reaching Ancona with a few followers, and the expected surrender of that place will perhaps virtually terminate a brief and inglorious campaign. The authority of the papal government will probably soon be literally restricted within the limits of the French lines of Rome, and the pope will find himself compelled to disband the last remnant of the mercenary troops who have contributed a final illustration to the history of his hopeless misgovernment. The so-called Catholic world acquiesces quietly in the humiliation of the holy see, and the French themselves are perhaps beginning to be ashamed of their wrongful interference with the rights of unoffending foreigners. The liberator of Italy may boast of that fortunate daring in despoiling empty bugbears which, according to

Livy, principally constituted the greatness of Alexander himself. Cardinal Antonelli declares that the common father of the faithful has an exceptional right to surround his throne with cosmopolitan cut-throats from every part of Latin Christendom. It would have been more satisfactory to discover a single government or nation which seriously and sincerely concerned itself with the inviolability of St. Peter's patrimony.

From The Examiner, 22 Sept.
GARIBALDI.

SURELY, it is impossible that discord is about to mar the glorious work of Italian liberty in the very hour of its consummation. Are we to see the crucible broken in the moment of projection? Is victory to be dis-crowned on her coronation day? Is the great cause of Italy to be dragged at the wheels of the car prepared for its triumph? And are we all at once to recant our judgment of the man in whom but yesterday we admired the patriot even more than the hero? Are we to doubt the purity of his ambition, or are we to believe that he has been mad-den by success?

These questions are forced upon us by the painful accounts from Turin of open rupture between Garibaldi and Count Cavour. It is stated that the general, standing on the vantage-ground of his unparalleled exploits, demands the dismissal of the eminent minister who has so long presided over the Sardinian councils. It is said also—and this is the most serious and astonishing part of the report—that Garibaldi has submitted to the court of Turin a programme of future operations, in which he insists upon driving the French out of Rome and the Austrians out of the Quadrilateral; upon no other terms will he hear of the annexation of Naples to the Italian kingdom.

The public may well be startled by news like this, but having recovered from our surprise let us consider the question of its credibility. With respect to the dismissal of Count Cavour, we fear it is too true that Garibaldi has made some requisition to that effect; and it agrees only too well with the expulsion of Farini from Sicily. As to the grounds of the demand, we are only in a position to conjecture them, and the last conjecture we should make is that the general has been influenced by selfish or vindictive motives. No such littleness has yet been detected in his character. Personally it is true that he has no affection for Count Cavour, nor perhaps even the respect which is generally paid through Europe to that distinguished statesman. But we are confident the secret of the step in question is not to be

found in private considerations of any kind. Are we, therefore, to accept the construction put upon it by the other and most alarming of the alleged stipulations? Are we to believe that Garibaldi insists on removing the minister, because he stands in the way of his programme? The answer to this is the scheme itself, for to what does it amount to but to a declaration of war both against France and Austria? Is it probable in the least degree that Garibaldi meditates any thing so extravagant? It is easily conceivable that the triumphant soldier in the field may see fewer obstructions in his path than the statesman in the cabinet; but there is a wide interval between a disagreement of this nature and such an ultimatum as we are told the general has propounded. A match for the force of Austria he may possibly feel himself, especially at a moment when popular enthusiasm is at the boiling point, but we may be very certain that he means nothing so crazy as to measure swords with the power of France also, and at the same moment.

The report represents Garibaldi as a maniac, and his insanity would be the more astonishing, when we reflect for a moment upon all that would be placed in jeopardy by such undertakings. Here is all Italy restored to independence with the small exception of Venice and the seat of the pope; the mighty harvest is gathered in and nothing remains but a few sheaves for the gleaner, yet we are told that the man who has done infinitely more than any other Italian, soldier or civilian, to bring the cause to this point of forwardness, is now about to play the Titan, and destroy his own offspring in a moment of wilfulness and frenzy. There is enough to deplore in Garibaldi's difference with Cavour, without giving the least credit to the Turin explanation of it. Advanced as the deliverance of the peninsula is, we tremble to think that it might not yet be too late for an enemy to arrest its progress, perhaps even roll back the tide of success. We do not, however, give way to any such gloomy thoughts. The current of liberty has hitherto run so fair in Italy that we may too fondly have expected it to "make sweet music" to the last, and are therefore more alarmed at its momentary hindrance than the seriousness of the obstruction justifies. We expect to find that it has been prodigiously exaggerated. There is nothing so common in great revolutions as disagreements between the cabinet and the camp, and the true account of them is seldom known at the period of their occurrence. Contemporaries have only to speculate, and we fear the *Times* may be only too near the mark in the conjecture that the feeling with which Garibaldi beheld the abandonment of Savoy, and

still more of Nice, to France, have been roused again by symptoms of other surrenders of Italian soil on new but similar pretexts. On this supposition, which is certainly powerfully supported by the vehement denials of the French journals, we can easily understand that the patriot general's resentment has been rekindled against the minister whom he holds responsible for sacrifices both of territory and of principle. Here is an explanation which has the advantage of being consistent with the generous metal of which we know Garibaldi to be made. We can well understand his repugnance to another shameful bargain with the emperor, and he may naturally feel that he would make himself a party to it, were he to hand Naples over to the Sardinian government unconditionally. What his conditions are we have yet to learn. We utterly disbelieve that rumor has stated them correctly.

The allusion to the Quirinal in Garibaldi's despatch to Palermo admits of easy explanation, if we suppose him to have expected the pope's flight from Rome, and the end of the French occupation with the excuse for it. On this point we must say that we do not see how united Italy can well do without Rome. A metropolis she must have, and where but on the banks of yellow Tiber should stand the metropolis of Italy? Of the antiquity of the pope's claims we are aware, but the claims of Italy are older; as much older as the seven hills are than the seven sacraments. It may be very wrong for the Italians themselves to grasp at the Holy City, but others may be allowed to covet it for them. Victor Emmanuel may be content with Turin and Milan, Florence and Naples, but we confess our own hankering after Rome, were it only by her indisputable supremacy to keep the peace among such a bevy of fair rival cities. Italy is no longer "a geographical expression," and Rome ought no longer to be a theological phrase. Whether Garibaldi breathed the word or not, the eye turns naturally to the Quirinal when it seeks the culminating point of the Italian fortunes. Nor do we see why the pope should necessarily be ejected from St. Peter's chair to make room for the majesty of Italy. His holiness shared Rome before with a temporal power not his own, and at this moment he shares it with France, which is an infinitely greater diminution of his dignity than a partnership with Italy, which would be protection without dishonor. This, of course, implies an abdication by the pope of all but his spiritual dominion, and there, we admit, lies the difficulty, insurmountable almost in thought.

There is, however, another peaceful solution, but unhappily for that reason almost

equally to be despaired of. The pope may fly, and leave behind him a greater amount of happiness than the most gracious and popular of monarchs ever created by his presence. For that reason we firmly believe the holy father will stand his ground, particularly as his French guards have been reinforced, after which the advice of the *Constitutionnel* was rather superfluous. M. Grandguillot is puzzled to explain "why Francis II. abandoned Naples!" It seems never to have occurred to him that it was precisely because Francis II. had a not French army there to support him. The pope will stay at Rome, and perpetuate the distractions of his country, just because he has the foreign aid which the Neapolitan tyrant wanted. The emperor laments, through his organ, that he cannot conscientiously advise the pope to fly. His political interests, he says, are unhappily at variance with his affection for the papacy. The position of France is sadly complicated by her presence in Rome, and if she could only terminate her occupation, it would relieve her of her greatest care. The pope would give her this relief by simply retiring from his capital. "The first consequence of that step would be its evacuation by France." Thus to use a vulgar proverb, the flight of his holiness would kill two birds with one stone, delivering Rome from himself, and Italy from the last vestige of foreign interference. Now that the Sardinian generals, with a rapidity equal to Garibaldi's, have swept the States of the Church of Lamoricière's bands, including the immortal Irish brigade, the French garrison in Rome is the only remnant left of armed intervention in the Peninsula, an intervention too in behalf of the unworthiest of its princes. It is impossible to believe the emperor sincere in the professions we have quoted. Would not the papacy be as safe within a hedge of Sardinian bayonets as of French? If the protectorship of the papacy is an honor, has not Italy herself the best title to it? If it is a duty, would she not as faithfully discharge it? Most natural it is for Italian patriotism to chafe at this most unnecessary violation of the independence of the country. Now that it stands alone in its offensiveness to the just pride of the nation, it will attract the greater notice, and be regarded every day with increased displeasure. The emperor will withdraw his troops from Rome, if his real object is not to keep an unlawful footing in Italy. No clipping of the pope's dominions will reconcile his government with the new order of things as long as foreign arms maintain it. Leave him but one hill out of the seven, it would still be a volcano.

From The Press, 22 Sept.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

THE stormy waves of Italian freedom are meeting with a shock in the heart of the peninsula. Surging from the north and from the south, they are uniting in one vast billow which is already rolling over the realm of the papacy, and which will not subside until it has made the weight of its surges felt even in the Eternal City. The unity which has for years been the dream of the Italians, is now realizing itself in heroic action. The king of Sardinia is opening a path for himself with the sword to join the great Sardinian captain who has achieved the emancipation of the southern portion of the peninsula. All foreign powers, save one, stand aloof from the struggle. They accord to the Italians the right which every nation has to be the disposer of its own affairs. But the emperor of the French, arrogating to himself a right unclaimed and unacknowledged by the rest of Europe, seeks to control by military force the free action of the Italians, and constitutes himself the defender of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter despite the wishes of the Roman population and against the military power of the Italian people. The king of Sardinia, no longer a free agent, abets this policy, and hastens to interpose his own troops and authority between the Gallie intruder and the fierce onset of Garibaldi. Despite the desire of the great Liberator to proclaim the unity of Italy as an accomplished fact "from the top of the Quirinal," it is not improbable that the imperial Frenchman may carry his point, and dictate a compromise which will leave one part—the very heart—of Italy still an exception alike to the unity and to the freedom which the Italians desire. A pause in the career of conquest—a temporary check to the Italian movement is seemingly at hand. The Roman question needs to be settled by diplomacy, if it be not settled by the sword. But will the aspirations of Italy and the sword of Garibaldi stop here?

If the Italians were wise—if their natural and noble excitement paid due homage to the considerations of prudence, they would pause, as soon as the Roman question is settled, and consolidate the results of their marvellous success. Within little more than a year six Italian states have been blotted from the map and blended into one kingdom. It will be no easy task to consolidate these various provinces harmoniously under one rule. For long centuries—ever since the old Romans imposed a compulsory unity upon the peninsula—Italy has been not less divided by political arrangement than by her geographical features and the diversities of the national character. And although unity is now

as much the desire of the Italian as separation was before, a considerable time must elapse, and grave difficulties be encountered, before the natural jealousies of the united states will be allayed and the diversities of their habits and temperament be so far controlled as to admit of harmonious existence under a single government. Will it be easy to content the old seats of royal and ducal expenditure? Where, too, is to be the capital of the new kingdom of Italy? All hearts unite in proclaiming Victor Emmanuel king; but there will be no such unanimity in the choice of a capital. Whatever the southern Italians may desire, the seat of government must be in the north. It is not among the lazzaroni of Naples, but among the masculine population of Northern Italy, that the headquarters of the nation must be placed. It is there, and there only, that foreign attack can be apprehended, and there only that it must be met. But Turin is too near the passes of the Alps, and is too much overlapped by the now extended territories of France, to be a safe or desirable place for the seat of government. Florence may be made the city of royalty in the present condition of affairs; but the true capital of Italy—if the pope is to stay at Rome—is Milan. Milan at present is as objectionable, because as defenceless, as Turin. It is as much dominated by the Austrians from the Quadrilateral, as Turin is by the French from the Alps. But were Venetia incorporated with the Italian kingdom, the difficulty would be removed. And how long will the Italians be content to restrain their passion for universal emancipation, and to leave Venetia still under the rule of the foreigner?

If the Italians, again we say, were to subordinate their enthusiasm to the dictates of prudence and to the general interests of Europe, they would stay their success with the settlement of the Roman question, and engage in the important and necessary work of consolidating their infant kingdom, rather than hasten at once to seek the completion of its limits by engaging in a war with Austria which would be as full of peril to themselves as of embarrassment and calamity to the rest of Europe. But is it likely that the patriotic ardor, of which Garibaldi is the type and leader, will be restrained in its action by the unpalatable suggestions of prudence? Or can it be expected of the Italians that they shall put their own programme, their own desires and plans, in abeyance out of deference to the interests of other states?

We know what is Garibaldi's answer to these questions. Strong in the faith, not of his own prowess, but of a good cause, and of the powers of the national movement, he proclaims his desire and purpose to attack Ve-

netia at once—at all hazards, and in spite of all diplomatic remonstrances. If he succeed in stirring up Italy to this new war, how is the attack to be made? The vast intrenched camp of the Quadrilateral, inclosing first-class fortresses, covered to the right by the Lake of Garda, in front by the Mincio, on the south by the Po, is virtually impregnable. It must be turned. To attempt to turn it by penetrating to the north of the Lake of Garda up through the Italian Tyrol would be equally impossible save as a diversion; for no army could involve itself in the passes of the Tyrol leaving its whole flank and communications exposed to attack on the line of the Lake and the Mincio. On the Adriatic side, Venice, now bristling at all points with long-range artillery, is as impregnable as the Quadrilateral itself. The main attack therefore will probably be made further down the Adriatic, at Fiume or still further south: and for such an attack the formidable fleet of one hundred and forty war-ships now at the disposal of the Italians would supply every facility. But at the same time the line of the Mincio would require to be masked; and demand at the very least the presence of the whole regular army of the Sardinian king. This is equivalent to saying that any attack by the Italians upon Austria is beyond their own unaided strength to accomplish. They must rely, and they intend to rely upon the aid of insurrectionary movements in the Austrian territories. Kossuth, Klapka, Turr, and other exiled Hungarian leaders are now in Italy, prepared to support Garibaldi in his projects of attacking Austria. And are there not also other elements of popular revolt available for the same purpose?

If Garibaldi dash across the Adriatic, he will find himself in a country eminently favorable for guerilla warfare, and amidst a population hardly less prone to revolt than those through which he has marched triumphantly in Southern Italy. He beholds in the Turco-Grecian peninsula the same task to be accomplished as has just been carried out in Italy. His rallying-cry in Italy has been Freedom and Unity; in the adjoining peninsula will it not be Freedom and the Cross? For four centuries the Turks have been simply encamped in Europe. They are still aliens alike in blood, language, and religion. Nearly forty years have passed since the southern portion of their peninsula was wrested from them by the Greek war of independence. Another and vaster war of the same kind is impending. All the northern and western provinces of European Turkey—Serbia, Bosnia, and Montenegro—are ripe for revolt. If Garibaldi and his Italians were to land on the Adriatic coast, raising the banner of Freedom and the Cross, and if

even a partial revolt broke out in Hungary and Croatia, would not the adjoining Turkish provinces take part in the movement? And would not the Greeks also respond to the rallying-cry of Garibaldi, and close again in fierce conflict with their old oppressors and still-hated neighbors? In such circumstances the long-staved-off Eastern question would be opened with a vengeance, and the entire eastern peninsula of Europe be involved in insurrection and war. The Turkish empire cannot long maintain its integrity; and it is not improbable that the heroic Garibaldi may be the prime, and certainly the most noble and disinterested agent in accomplishing its fall.

Nearer and nearer the Continent is approaching a crisis, which, transcending the limits of any one country, threatens to involve all the great powers in its vortex. Were the Italians to exercise a prudent forbearance, or were Venetia speedily ceded to them by purchase, the crisis might be avoided. If free from external assault, we believe that the honest efforts of the Austrian government would succeed in its difficult task of consolidating in contented union the diverse populations of its empire. But if a fierce contest recommence upon the Mincio, the most calamitous complications may be expected to ensue. Germany, whatever may be its policy in regard to Venetia, will take arms in defence of the Tyrol, and will march to the Rhine if the French march to the Po. Russia will not stand aloof when revolt is disintegrating Turkey and the adjoining provinces of Austria. She cannot let Constantinople fall into other hands without a contest; neither can she regard with indifference a revolutionary conflict which might extend to her Polish provinces. And France—what of France? With all Europe alarmed by the development of his "ideas,"—with the states of Germany agreed upon a common policy of defence, and with the meetings at Teplitz and Warsaw before his eyes, Napoleon will do his best to restrain the Italians from a new war. His alliances have been shaken, and he must re-establish them before he can venture another attack upon the treaties of Europe. Above all, his greatest desire is to avoid a general war. His policy is to attain his ends piecemeal. He desires to continue his game of siding alternately with the established governments and with revolution, without wholly breaking with either. But if this new war were commenced—if Italy and Austria resume their deadly combat on the Mincio—with Garibaldi in Albania, the Greeks up, the Turkish Christians in revolt for freedom and the cross, and insurrectionary movements in Hungary and Poland—were all this to take place, and

it may take place—the contest would involve all Europe; and would not Napoleon then, compelled to make a choice, be seen at length entering the stormy arena at the head of his legions as the leader of the new European revolution?

Never was it more imperative than now for the British government to play a prudent and a waiting game. It is certainly possible that the clouds may disperse without a thunder-storm; nevertheless Europe is slowly gathering itself into two opposite camps, and the most probable result is a great war. In that war England will have a difficult part to play, for her sympathies will be divided. She loves liberty, but she rightly distrusts Napoleon. He will seek to beguile her into a warlike alliance, but if she be wise England will take care how she again

suffers herself to be "tied to the heels" of France. Napoleon, after inviting us into the war against Russia, *sold* us, to make peace with the foe. Every ally in turn he has treated in the same fashion,—from Victor Emanuel last year at Villafranca to the Russian emperor during the last few months. We know what are Napoleon's "ideas" of liberty, and what reliance can be placed on him as an ally. And whatever be the eventualities of the future, we trust that England will not suffer herself to be caught by any crafty appeal to her sympathies, nor join with France in a war which it will be the first object of our imperial ally to close at our expense, and thereafter to attack us when for his sake we have parted with our old allies.

JAPANESE books are known to be not only remarkably well illustrated—so far as *quantity* of pictures goes—but also very cheap. One of the interpreters of the late Japanese embassy brought to this country a Japanese dictionary of geography or gazetteer which had a picture on almost every leaf. This book, very well printed, and containing about four hundred pages, we were informed, is sold in Japan for less than thirty cents of our money. A recent traveller notes that guide-books for all the divisions of the empire, very complete, and also cheap, are sold everywhere. The Japanese Murray, has, it appears, been in business for more than three centuries, and thus accommodated the travellers with his useful information long before guide-books came in use in Europe. "Perhaps," says Capt. Osborne, "Mr. Murray may smile and look forward to being able, before long, to give them a Japanese guide-book, which shall excel that modest and cheap itinerary; but there are many things in which he will never surpass it, amongst others in cost, and the confidence with which the days are predicted upon which it shall be fortunate to travel."

MRS. CATHERINE ANNE WARFIELD, of Kentucky, is said to be the author of the "Household of Bouverie." Mrs. Warfield is the daughter of the late Major Ware, of Natchez, formerly secretary of the Mississippi territory. Her grandfather was Captain Percy, of the British navy, and her husband, to whom she was married very young, is Elisha Warfield, of Lexington, Ky. Major Ware had but two children, both daughters,

whose mother died in giving birth to the younger. They were early removed to Philadelphia, where their father, assisted by private teachers, devoted himself to their education. In 1843, Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee (the two sisters) published a volume entitled "The Wife of Leon, and Other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West;" and, in 1846, another under the title of "The Indian Chamber, and Other Poems."

SCHRODTER's picture of "Falstaff Mustering his Recruits" has been reproduced by J. Rogers, in a large and magnificent line engraving—the largest, it is said, which has been hitherto executed in this country "for the members of the Cosmopolitan Art Association." The scene is laid in Justice Shallow's hall, with the justice and his Cousin Silence looking on. The fat knight's face is full of humor, the physiognomy of a man of wit degraded into a haunter of low taverns. The ragged recruit, Wart, makes an appearance which does not belie his name, and along with his fellows Mouldy, Shadow, Feeble and Bullcalf, helps to make up a comic group, in looking at which it is impossible for the gravest to repress a smile. In one corner of the engraving a pretty little page, occupied in the delighted examination of the knight's basket-hilted sword, forms a contrast with the other figures which heightens their effect. Perhaps Feeble, the woman's tailor, is too much a Malvoglio—with too much of the "high-fantastical" to agree with the idea of him which we derive from his name and the words Shakspeare puts into his mouth.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE ALPINE CROSS.

BENIGHTED once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,
"The path is lost!—to move is death!"

The savage snow cliffs seemed to frown,
The howling winds came fiercer down;
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear,
"I see the Cross!—our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose;
Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveller's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal sight;
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
"The Alpine Cross I see again!"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

I CANNOT tell the reason, it is really very odd,
My tackle is first-rate, and I've a most expensive rod—

Bought at the Silver Trout, the shop that's always selling off,
And yet with all my outlay, I've got nothing but a cough.

I think the fish are altered since old Walton wrote his book,

They shun the simple gentle, and mistrust it "with a hook;"

I think I mayn't be deep enough, in vain I move the quill,

For fish as deeply as I choose, the fish are deeper still.

No pike I've seen—the only one was that unpleasant wicket,

Where threepence I was forced to pay, and now I've lost the ticket;

Nor yet a single perch, for which my lucky stars to thank.

Except the perch I've taken on this damp, rheumatic bank.

I can't pick up a chub, though on the lock all day I stick

(They say it is impossible a lock of Chubb to pick);

A flounder would be welcome, but unfeeling wags remark,

I shall get lots of them to-night, returning in the dark.

Upon that bobbing quill all day I've nothing done but glout,
Till I've almost become one—as the song says,
"I'm afloat!"
Come soles, brill, flounders, fresh or salt, however flat ye be,
Be sure you will not fail to find a greater flat in me.

—Bentley.

THE SONG OF THE TALKATIVE MEMBER.

AIR—"Let us all speak our minds, if we die for it."

PUNCH tells me 'tis fit that M.P.'s should submit

To be tongue-tied submissively, meekly:
That the nonsense we say for some eight hours a day

Should be cut down to one hour weekly;
We are begged, just for peace, our prattle to cease,

As there's neither a wherefore nor why for it;
But I can't, and I don't, and I sha'n't, and I wont—

No, I will make a speech, if I die for it!

Friends who owe one a grudge say one's talk is all fudge—

Mere bombast and bunkum, and so on:
But you'll surely allow we've a right to say how,
We consider that matters should go on.

The business indeed would far quicker proceed,
If we simply said "No" or said "Ay" to it;

But we don't, and we can't, and we wont, and we sha'n't—

No, we will make a speech, if we die for it!

So all talkers, I hope, will take plenty of rope,
Nor care with what interests they trifle;

With ease, if we choose our tongues but to use,
We may all legislation quite stifle.

Let Pam, if he will, then bid us be still,
And silent, he'll have to pay high for it;
For we can't, and we don't, and we sha'n't, and we wont—

No, we'll all of us speak, if we die for it!

—Punch.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, we are proud to be thy eldest child,
Thankful to God for the rich heritage
Which thou, ere we were born, from age to age,
With thoughts and deeds of mightiest men up-piled,

Too great within thy bounds to be in-isled,
And thence, wide wafted on the undying page,
Feeding the souls of hero and of sage
In every Christian land, on us have smiled,
Through privilege of tongue, a daily cheer,
So working on our kindred Saxon hearts,
That we, though sundered from thee, mother dear,

Have kept our love and reverence through all smart,

And now move with thee in one grand career,
To fill the earth with freedom and with arts.
October, 1860. —N. Y. Evening Post.

From The National Magazine.

REMARKABLE SOLAR SPOTS.

OF late the surface of the sun has been covered with numerous clusters of spots, greater in number than have been noticed for some years past. This phenomenon occurs at various periods, but with no regular interval of appearance or departure. Some years they are seldom visible on the solar disc; at others, as at the present time, they appear in such variety as to excite attention. M. Chacornac, of Marseilles, observed on the 26th of June, in this year, a group of spots, occupying, he estimates, in angular extent, not less than one-fifth of the sun's radius. This observer, who has devoted himself for the last twelve years to this department of astronomy, and has registered the configurations and dimensions of the spots, states that at no previous time has he witnessed their appearance in such numbers. In the neighborhood of London, with the atmospheric changes to which the metropolis is subject, they are clearly visible in an ordinary pocket telescope, and we doubt not they can be seen with the naked eye. In an instrument of the smallest kind, protected by a colored glass next the eye, a dozen spots may be plainly perceived. On the 29th ult., at three P.M., the sky being clear, through a five-feet achromatic telescope, of nearly four inches aperture, with a power of forty, the configurations of the spots presented a pleasing appearance. In the centre of the solar disc a small cluster of spots was visible, and on the south-eastern margin (in an inverting telescope) and in that neighborhood, two very large spots, surrounded by a cluster of other spots of much smaller dimensions, were visible while the sky remained clear; and when, a few minutes afterwards, dark clouds rapidly obscured the sun, the spots could at times be detected as the light shone out again. This subject possesses in itself much interest, from the ever-varying nature of the lessons it teaches; viz., that great changes are continually taking place on the surface of the sun as well as on the other bodies of the solar system. A few particulars at this time may be interesting.

Galileo, in 1610, was the first who noticed the solar spots, and after him, Scheiner, who considered them to be inferior planets revolving at no great distance from the cen-

tral luminary. On the other hand, Galileo and Hevelius thought they were scorice, floating in the inflammable liquid matter of which they imagined the sun to be composed. Many opinions have been given as to the cause of the spots, all more or less differing from each other. Dr. Wilson, of Glasgow, at the close of the last century, endeavored to explain the cause of the spots by supposing the sun to consist of a dark nucleus, covered only to a certain depth by a luminous matter, not fluid, through which openings are made at certain times by volcanic agency, thereby permitting the solid nucleus of the sun to be seen. The subject was closely investigated by the late Sir W. Herschel, in a series of observations on the sun from 1779 to 1794. He conjectured the dark spots to be mountains, which, from the slow revolution of the sun on its axis, and its great attraction on bodies placed at its surface, might be more than three hundred miles high, and yet stand very firmly. In some observations in the year 1792 he was of opinion that the dark spots were the opaque ground, or body of the sun, through which, when broken or interrupted, we view the sun itself. He also supposed the sun to be surrounded by an extensive atmosphere, composed of elastic fluids, more or less lucid or transparent, and of which the lucid ones furnish us with light. The atmosphere he supposed to be not more than 2765, nor less than 1843 miles in height. He likewise thought there were two regions of solar clouds—the inferior one being opaque, like our own atmosphere, while the superior was the depository of light, which it darts forth in vast quantities in all directions. Some astronomers have imagined the solar spots exercise an influence on the weather and the temperature of the seasons. In 1807, the heat of summer was intense, and the spots of vast magnitude, while, in 1823, the temperature being cold and wet, the sun exhibited no spots. There cannot be any question that much may be said on both sides of the subject. In 1783, the crops were fertile, and the solar spots very numerous; a dry fog enveloped the greater part of Europe, and was followed by the earthquake of Calabria.

The size of the solar spots excites our highest astonishment. In 1843, M. Schwabe,

of Dessau, measured a large spot occupying a space 77,000 miles in diameter, or ten times that of the earth. Sir W. Herschel, in 1775, measured a spot not less than 50,000 miles in diameter, visible to the naked eye. Sir J. F. Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1837, observed a cluster of spots occupying a space about equal to the sixth part of the sun's diameter—an area of 3,780,000,000 miles. They are subject at times to sudden changes. The Rev. Dr. Wollaston was once viewing the sun in a reflecting telescope, when a spot appeared to burst into fragments, like a piece of ice which, when thrown upon a frozen pond, breaks in pieces, and slides in all directions. This has been noticed by other observers. The late Rev. Dr. Dick on various occasions, noticed as many as one hundred and fifty different spots, particularly

about the year 1836. The smallest spot discernible on the solar disc cannot be much less than three hundred or six hundred miles in diameter. When a spot has been observed for any length of time, it is found to change its place on the surface of the sun, and from being visible first on the eastern side, changes its place to the western edge, and disappears, after being visible for a fortnight. From this circumstance the sun has been proved to rotate on its axis in a direction from west to east in about twenty-five days ten hours. Every part of the solar equator thus moves at the rate of 4532 miles in an hour. In the course of time the photographic experiments which are now being rapidly made, as to the nature and physical properties of light, will determine whether or not the opinions of Herschel and others were well founded.

THE *North British Mail* describes an instrument that has recently made its appearance, which will inaugurate a new era in art. It is of French origin, and is called the Debusscope, probably from the name of its inventor. It consists of two silverized plates of great reflective power, placed together in a framework of cardboard or wood, at the angle of seventy degrees. On being placed over a small picture or design of any kind, no matter how rough, or whether good or bad, the Debusscope will reflect the portion immediately under the eye, on all sides, forming the most beautiful and elaborate designs, and by being slowly moved over the picture will multiply new designs to any extent. No matter what the subject is on which the instrument is placed, the result is marvellous; there is produced from the most unlikely objects—such as scraps of paper-hangings, blots of ink, leaves, flowers, bits of lace, etc.—an endless series of new and really beautiful designs, which can be retained at pleasure, for the purpose of copying. This discovery therefore recommends itself at once as an inexhaustible source of new patterns to draftsmen, calico-printers, dyers, paper-hangers, painters, and others; and as it is produced and sold at a price which brings it easily within the reach of such trades, we have no doubt that it will soon be extensively used. The Debusscope may also be made the means of gratification as a parlor toy, along with the stereoscope and microscope, in affording to the young amusement and instruction.

Poems By George P. Morris. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

GENERAL MORRIS has done well to give to the public his poems in this miniature edition. The popular song-writer writes for the million, and the million should have copies of his works which

they can carry about with them in their pockets. This neat little volume is the very thing required to satisfy the call which Morris' popularity has created for his flowing and melodious verses. Of all American authors, Longfellow seems to have best understood the advantages to be derived from publishing editions of his works adapted to the tastes and means of every class of readers. For those who can afford splendid and costly editions, he has them ready at the bookseller's; for those who are content with the cheapest, he provides them almost as cheap as the publications of the Tract Society; for those who desire gift books, he publishes illustrated editions, of various prices; for those who prefer plain copies, in fair type, he takes care that the supply shall always be equal to the demand. The song-writer, above all authors, should allow his admirers to read him in cheap editions, though he may be excused from the enterprise of publishing costly ones, except to such extent as they appear in volumes of music. More, very far more, of Morris' verses have been set to music than those of any other American writer—a testimony to their acceptableness of which the author has reason to be proud. In the mean time, he has not been seduced by the success of any of the brilliant writers whom most of the young poets of the day have taken as their models, to part with any of the qualities on which his favor with the public depends. He never affects subtlety of thought or elaborately unusual modes of expression, remembering that a song should be addressed immediately to the heart, and possess in no degree the character of a riddle. He never allows himself to become rugged and harsh in straining after originality, but preserves in all his writings the same sweetness of rhythm and clearness and simplicity of language.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

THE startling incident of the week just closed is the visit of the Prince of Wales to the president. I do not speak of it as a piece of news, or to follow in the wake of the adulatory scribblers who chronicle every word the prince utters, and the precise number of times he sneezes. It is the moral character of the extraordinary event which I would notice—an event which will take its place on the page of history, solitary and alone, for there is none other like it. When kings visit presidents, when royal princes visit the graves of rebel democrats, may not the millennium be dawning?

There is nothing like this visit of Prince Albert Edward to the grave of Washington in the history of any other prince or potentate. Men have risen from lowliness to splendor—from corporal to be emperor—from 'prentice boy to be president—but when before has the heir to the proudest throne in the world made a pilgrimage to the tomb of a rebel general? The man whose humble tomb the prince reverently visited was the chief instrument, in the hands of Providence, in wresting its most brilliant gem from the very crown he is to wear!

The day chosen for the visit to Mount Vernon was one of October's finest. Scarce a cloud dimmed the sky's azure. A few yellow leaves in the forests which line the broad Potomac, were the only indication of "the melancholy days." The prince and his suite, accompanied by the president and a few of his friends, went on board the government steamer, *Harriet Lane*, at ten o'clock of the morning of Friday last, and steamed down to Mount Vernon. For more than two hours the royal party remained upon the Vernon estate, the most of the time eagerly searching the Washington mansion for every relic of the great and good man who once occupied it. No American traveller in foreign

lands ever displayed more enthusiastic curiosity or reverential awe, at the grave of royalty or intellectual greatness, than was manifested by this English party of dukes and earls, and the future king of England, at the grave of Washington.

The place where the patriot wrote, the room in which he slept, the couch on which he died, were sought out and pondered over, and as the party approached the tomb each one almost involuntarily uncovered his head. One cut a cone to carry back to England as a relic of the place; another plucked a flower as a memento of the day and scene; and the prince planted a tree by the side of the grave, taking with him a companion acorn to plant in Windsor Forest.

Meantime, the day was in the very midst of its splendor—a Virginian October day! It seemed as if nature smiled at the happy, peaceful occurrence, and purposely added every charm of her own, that the day might never, never be forgotten. The overhanging forests, the calmly flowing river, and the beautiful sky, made up a picture the like of which painter never put upon canvas.

Few were the words uttered by the visitors, for thought overpowered speech, and after more than two hours spent at Mount Vernon they again took to the boats, and were rowed back to the steamer.

The novels of to-day all carry a moral with them: this trip to Mount Vernon has a striking one also. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Instead of English cannon roaring up the Potomac, we have the next English king as our guest. Instead of horrid War, gentle Peace. A few years ago our national capital was ablaze, set on fire by British torches, and Washington was full of hostile British troops. All this is changed. The new order of things is more consonant with Christianity. England and America will never again war with each other.

—*Independent*, 11 October. D. W. B.